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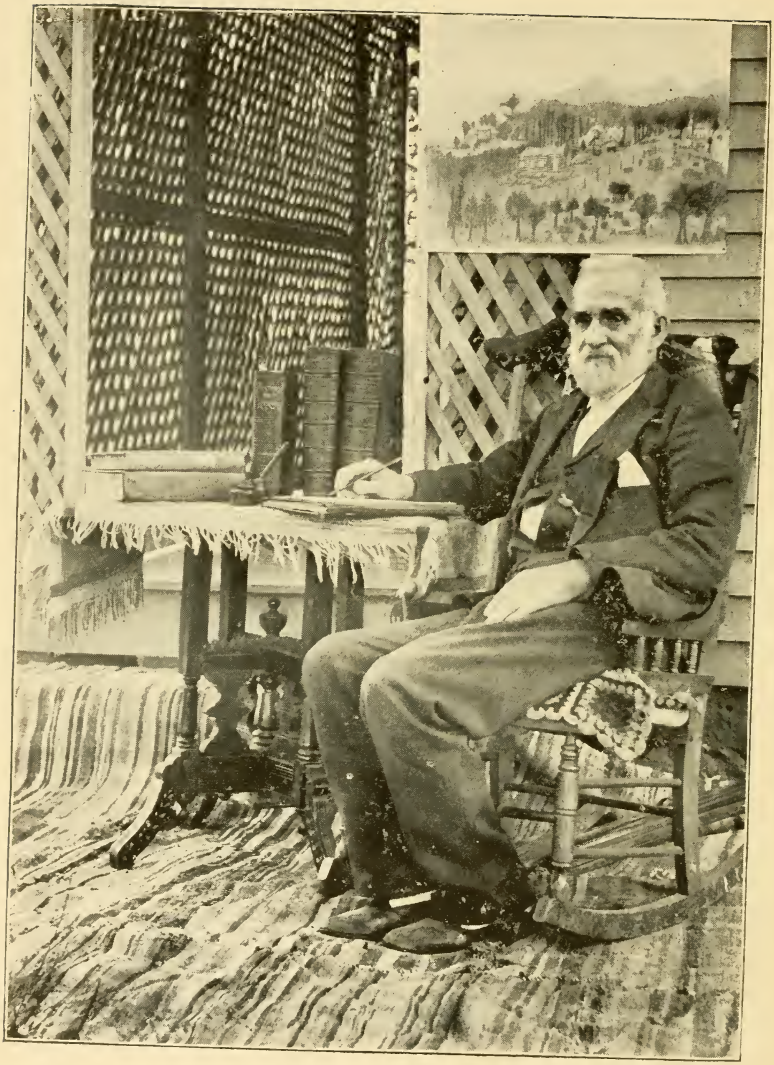

WHEN

I WAS LIVING

AT THE GRANGE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

DR. WILLIAM F. RUBOTTOM.

FIRST EDITION.

BUFFALO GAP, TEXAS:
W. D. GIRAND, PUBLISHER.
1897.

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PREFACE.

In casting this little book of poems upon the ocean of literature, its author is not insensible to the fact that it is not above criticism. In fact, he is fully aware that, like all human effort, it falls far short of perfection. However, he flatters himself that its contents are not wholly destitute of merit and, feeling thus assured, he presents it to you, dear reader, trusting that a perusal of its pages will afford you a pleasure equal that enjoyed by himself while preparing the matter therein.

This modest request I make of the reader: Should you begin the reading of this book, continue the perusal until you scan its every page. By doing so, I am vain enough to believe that you will find something between its lids to entertain, instruct or amuse you.

THE AUTHOR.

Buffalo Gap, Texas, Oct. 9, 1897.

ERRATA.

Page 5, 1st stanza, 2nd line, for ''scene,'' read, *screen*.
Page 8, 1st stanza, 7th line, for ''put,'' read, *puts*.
'' '' '' '' 8th line, for ''puts,'' read, *put*.
Page 9, 3d stanza, 4th line, for ''helpless,'' read, *hapless*.
Page 14, 2nd stanza, 5th line, for "*hinking*," read, *thinking*.
Page 16, 3d stanza, 2nd line, for ''couplets,'' read *couples*.
Page 18, 1st stanza, 1st line, for ''amas,'' read, *mamas*.
'' '' '' '' 2nd line. for ''mplace," read, *place*.
Page 19, 3d stanza, 1st line, for ''She," read, *The*.
Page 21, 3d stanza, 4th line, for ''wreath,'' read, *wreaths*.
Page 27, 3d stanza, 1st line, for ''doctor,'' read, *Doctor*.
Page 42, 5th stanza, 2nd line, for ''with,'' read, *With*.
Page 55, 2nd stanza, 1st line, for ''eer,'' read, *e'er*.
Page 73, 6th stanza, 3d line, for ''a ten,'' read, *ten*.
Page 76, 7th stanza, 3d line, for ''When,'' read, *Then*.
Page 92, 2nd stanza, 1st line, for ''Doravens,'' read, *Do ravens*.
Page 143, 13th stanza, 2nd line, for ''neer,'' read *ne'er*.
Page 147, dedication, 1st line, for ''respec ully.'' read, *respectfully*.
Page 158, 4th stanza, 3d line, for ''Coh sion,'' read, *Cohesion*.

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RUBOTTOM'S POEMS.

WHEN I WAS LIVING AT THE GRANGE.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

My roving feet one evening strayed
  Along the margin of a stream,
Upon whose bosom was portrayed
  The reflex of a by-gone dream.
There fancy pictured Smoky Range
  And Sleepy Hollow, down below,
    And dingle, wood and everglade,
    Where oft in boyhood I had played
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago.

I loiter near the river's edge
  To watch the eddies come and go
Until they leap adown the ledge
  And mingle with the surf below.
Awhile I note them swirl and range;
  Then, laying hat and trousers low,
    I plunge into the stream, and drink
    Just like the youngsters used to drink
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago.

Then rising up, my trousers donned,
And hasting past the watherfall,
The ancient mill and swirling pond,
I reach a clump of poplars tall
And, peeping 'mong the giants strange,
I see fair shadows come and go
Across the mountain old and gray,
Like visions came and sped away
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The old farm-house is standing still,
The chapel nestles in the dell,
The wheel's revolving at the mill,
The bucket's weeping o'er the well.
Some horses graze upon the range,
Some colts are racing to and fro
And swallows round the stable fly
Just like the swallows used to fly
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Old "Brindle's" at the stack of oats,
The calves have jumped into the lawn,
Some lambs are calling to the goats
And "Hector's" waking up the fawn;
The eagles scream on Smoky Range,
The roosters flap their wings and crow
And donkeys drop their ears and bray
Just like they did, at peep of day,
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

A little grove of firs and pines,
  A trellis, clad with flow'ring beans,
Some spicy shrubs and twining vines
  And hollyhocks and rose-girt screens:
A garden fence with doubtful range,
  A zigzag house, with rafters low
    And leaning sides and gables crook'd,
    Look very like our homestead looked
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

Some clothing's *drying* on a pine,
  Some pans recline against a wall,
Some beds are *sunning* on a vine
  And hats and coats bestrew the hall.
A turkey's roasting on the range,
  A pudding's boiling—O, how slow!—
    And table *set* beneath a tree,
    Just like the custom used to be
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago.

The boys are *rounding-up* the stock,
  Some girls are milking, at the pen,
Old "Shep" is circling round the flock,
  Some deer are browsing in a glen;
A buzzard's soaring o'er The Range,
  A hawk attacks a cawing crow
    And pigeons do some flying, too,
    Just like their cousins used to do
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago.

The bluebirds swing upon the trees,
The chickens *huddle* near the coop,
Meek bovines crop the velvet leas
And ''Watch'' is dozing on the stoop.
The mocking-birds their nests arrange,
The quails are squatting in a row,
And wasps are drinking up the dew,
Just like the hornets used to do
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Some guns are hanging on a rack,
Some hoes are rearing 'gainst a shed,
Some pitchforks sticking in the stack
And harness resting on a sled.
Some skates hang on the attic range,
Cute arrows lie beside a bow
And tiny socks sleep near a shoe,
Just like their fellows used to do
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Some battlets hang against a house,
Some washing-tubs are bottom down
And aprons, kerchiefs, sheet and blouse
Repose with dirty shirt and gown.
Ahshoppers with the lye-troughs range.
Soap-pots and kettles are in row
And ''Bridget's'' getting in a stew,
Like washerwomen used to stew
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

THE RECOGNITION.

A man is poring o'er a book,
His helpmete's knitting, near the scene,
Some children ''paddling in a brook
And others romping on the green;
One woman's at the kitchen range,
Another's kneading biscuit dough,
Both scanning me with eyes eskew,
Just like two damsels used to do
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The open book falls to the floor,
Just as the reader lifts his head
And, scanning, sees inside his door
A wanderer who asks for bread.
One hasty glance the two exchange,
They question thus, and answer so,
And then agree to dine and sup
Like son and father used to sup
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The knitter's eyes are growing dim,
She drops the stocking, just begun,
And weeps upon the neck of him
Whom she delights to call, ''My Son!''
Mahala quits the glowing range
And Susie quits the biscuit dough,
To bid the rambler ''Welcome home!''
Like rambling boys were welcomed home
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago

The turkey's roasting "to a turn"
The muffiins not a whit too rare,
The tea is ready, in the urn,
And tempting odors fill the air.
The hostess does the dishes 'range
Upon a cloth as white as snow
And bids us all discuss her fare
Like we discussed her evening fare
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago

The guests the repast do approve,
Mine hostie smiles a gentle smile
Deft servitors the cloth remove,
And heap the fragments pile on pile.
Awhile we talk of Smoky Range,
Of "Uncle This" and "Cousin So;"
And then our voices join in prayer,
Just like our voices joined in prayer
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

"O, God! attend our cry, to-night!
O, do forgive!" our voices plead.
"Display thy mercy, love and might,
For else we faint in hours of need.
Prepare us for each earthly change,
Dispel each fear, each earthly woe
And keep us all, for Jesus' sake!"
Just like we prayed, "for Jesus sake,"
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

LOVE'S DREAM FULFILLED.

A youthful couple, hand in hand,
  Are standing near the flowing stream
And, whilst they loiter on the strand,
  They do recall "Loves early dream."
Then shadows creep from Smoky Range
  And, hanging o'er the beach below,
    Conceal the lovers from my view,
    Like Lovers were concealed from view
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

The shadows pass. The chapel bell
  Peals forth it sweetest, blightest tone
And merry throngs decend the dell
  To hear the priest proclaim them one.
Their plighted faith th y do exchange
  And promise that through weal and woe
    They'll love each other to the end,
    Like lovers loved unto the end
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

OLD BIRCHEY'S SCHOOL.

A school-house—minus latch and door—
  With crippled sash and broken panes,
(Some lean-to desks, a puncheon floor,)
  Its sides defaced with pokeroot stains,
Its roof and gables out of range,
  Its walls a-slant, its ceilings low
    And wooden pegs for hat and blouse—
    Looked very like our own school house
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

Old Birchy wraps: "To books!" he cries.
His rod ascends and fiercely whirls;
Some laddies stare with bulging eyes,
Some lassies pull their neighbors' curls.
One boy inspects an insect strange,
Another treads his benchmate's toe—
And "Master Birchey" put 'em through
Like Master Withey "puts us through"
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

One little lad, more pert than wise,
Implants a tack in someone's back;
Then Birchey lifts his dreamy eyes,—
His lashes falling whack-a-whack,—
The laddie makes some gestures strange
And, crying "Ouch!" at every blow,
He then bestrides the Dunce's Stool
Like we bestrided "Dunce's Stool"
When I was living at The Grange
Some fifty years ago.

A COURT SCENE.

The court's convened for justice' sake,
To bandage-up the fractured laws;
The lawyers, too, their stations take
To tinker-up its many flaws.
His Honor *rules* on *plea* and change
And, as his *rulings* swell and grow,
He piles them up in proper piles,
Like battercakes were piled in piles
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

It's ten o'clock by standard time,
And from a prison's dismal gloom,
A culprit steeped in sin and crime,
Comes into court to hear his doom.
The suitors quick their pleas arrange,
The jurors to their places go,
Attorneys spar and baliffs shout
Just like they used to spar and shout
When I was living at The Grange.
Some fifty years ago.

The bench and bar the wretch survey,
The clerk unto the writ refers,
The *plaintiff* does the felon flay,
Defence "respectfully" demurs.
His Honor does some rulings *change*,
Then sends the jury down below
An honest verdict there to find,
Like upright juries used to "find"
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The *proxies* for the State declare:
"He's guilty as his father Cain."
"'Tis false as hell!" his allies swear,
"The helpless creature is insane."
A hundred times their ballots change,
A hundred times the cocktails flow,
Then jury *finds*—a lurking doubt—
Like jurors *found* "a lurking doubt"
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The jury then to *court* repairs
Its *honest* findings to report;
An outraged throng descends the stairs,
Denouncing jury, bar and court.
The felon offers "Judge" some change,
And bids him *share it*, thus and so,
'Twixt bailiffs, bar and jury true
Like judges shared with juries true
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

CHASING THE FOX.

Glum night has doffed her mantle gray,
Fair twilight's kissing blushing morn;
The huntsmen mount, their coursers neigh
And dogs respond to tooting horn.
Sly Reynard spies the distant Range
And, scorning man and canine foe,
He hies him to its tangled brakes,
Like foxes hied to tangled brakes
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The *whippers-in* their stations take,
The *trailers* scent th sedgy fen,
His foxship scurries round the break,
And doubles on his track again.
Affrighted buzzards quit The Range,
Scared owls from Sleepy Hollow go
And pheasants fly from "Haunted Dell,"
Like pheasants flew from Haunted Dell
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The raccoons seek their secret lairs,
The deer forsake the sylvan shades
And panthers, bears and startled hares
In terror bound from bush and glades.
The groundhogs hear the hubbub strange
And to their near-by burrows go
To watch the bounding hunters pass,
Like groundhogs watched the hunters pass
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The quarry quits the brambly hill
And zigzags down a murky swale
Which intersects a mountain rill,
And swallows up his winding trail.
Then, turning from old Smoky Range,
And skulking like his cousin Loe,
He hies into a field of maize,
Like foxes hied to fields of maize
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The hunters reach the streamlet's brink,
Dismount and quaff its limpid tide
And, after taking time to think,
Quick hasten to the other side.
Beyond the stream the trailers range
(Sniffing the breezes as they go,)
Until they reach the cornfield hedge,
Like trailers reached the cornfield hedge
When I was living at The Grange
Some fifty years ago.

Into the field old "Blizzard" hies.
Across the hedge the whippers bound,
Adown the corn rows Reynard flies,
And bedlam reigns the field around
Till his tired legs refuse to range
And—o'erpowered by grim old "Floe"—
He sinks, alas! to rise no more!
Like foxes sank to rise no more
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

IN THE MARKET.

There's panic in commercial marts
And bedlam reigns in every street,
Transactions move by fits and starts
Till barters knocked quite off its feet.
Ginseng has lost its grip on 'change,
Opossum pelts are selling slow
And purchasers and sellers fail,
Just like their kinsman used to fail
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The poultry market boils and stews,
Shinplaster money reels and slumps,
Old Shylock's tightening his screws
And everybody's in the dumps.
The banks decline to lend their change,
And borrowers are steeped in woe
Because they cannot meet their bills
Like people used to meet their bills
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Commerce is limping on one leg,
Finance is badly out of tune
And Coxeyites must starve or beg
Unless ''Old Uncle'' feeds them soon.
So all advise some fiscal change
That's sure to make the greenbacks flow
Till everybody's till runs o'er
Like everybody's till ran o'er
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The weaver's looms are out of whack,
The printing-press is mighty ill,
The farmers debits gall his back,
Attorneys' fees are almost *nil*.
The miner's purse is minus change
Because, forsooth, his shekels go
To satisfy old Barkeep's claims,
Like miners satisfied his claims
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The merchants grumble at hard times,
And labor puts its tools away,
'Most everybody's out of dimes
And cash grows scarcer every day.
Old croakers pray that ''luck may change,''
Impute hard times to so, and so,
And then proceed to *liquidate*,
Like croakers used to ''liquidate''
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

A CHURCH SESSION.

Good Parson Diggs, of Diggses' Glen,
Into the open session glides,
His quiver filled for stingy men,
And scalpel for their flinty hides.
His arrows take a zigzag range
And, hither, thither, as they go
The stingy laymen tumble down,
Like stingy laymen tumbled down
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

His gory scalpel's long and keen
And punctures to the very bone,
From which it clips the muscles clean
And makes delinquent deacons moan.
A little *hinking* brings a change:
The elders to the deacons go
And bid them circulate their hats,
Like deacons *circulated* hats
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The parson "lines a Gospel hime,"
To waiting ears in pew and aisle
And Deacon Easy, once on time,
In haste proceeds to PASS his tile
Then everybody feels—for change—
And quick ten shining coppers go
To chase the hungry wolf away,
Like coppers chased the wolves away
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

An elder then suggests "the verse
About far Injy's coral strands"
And, filling up the parson's purse,
Sweet voices sing of "golden sands."
And while the parson fobs his change
His joyful praises freely flow
To Providence for earthly gifts,
Like we praised God for earthly gifts
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

THE HARVEST TIME.

The fields of wheat are looking sear,
The barley crop has reached its prime,
The bending rye is in full ear
And oat fields welcome harvest time.
Swift reapers come from Smoky Range
And gleaners hasten to and fro
And pile the bundles up—to sweat—
Just like the bundles used to sweat
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The mellow fruits the boughs incline,
Blackberries now are turning brown,
The purple clusters dim the vine
And hazlenuts are tumbling down
Jack frost is camping on The Range,
The pigeons come, the wild geese go
And song-birds seek a softer clime
Just like they did in autumn time
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Fair, smiling Spring, with faded charms,
Now gloomy lies in Frost's embrace,
Dead Summer sleeps in Autumn's arms
And Winter's usurped Autumn's place.
Bonfires are kindled on The Range,
The clans are gathering below
And bells are ringing Xmas chimes,
Just like they rang their Xmas chimes
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The bending sky with music swells,
The nodding trees break forth in song
And gongs and timbrels horns and bells
The merry chorus do prolong.
The hills take up the medley strange
And carry it to vales below
The christmastide to usher in,
Like christmastide was ushered in
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

A sleighing party's passing by
(Each cutter filled with couplets three)
And banter me, as on they fly
In reckless mood across the lea.
Away they spin to'rd Smoky Range,
O'er frozen creeks and piled-up snow
Until they reach the everglade,
Like parties reached the everglade
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

One moment brief (perhaps 'tis best,)
They pass beyond my sight and ken,
But soon again, with song and jest,
They issue from an eyeless glen
And hasten on, oh, strange! how strange!
Past chapel, school and "Fiddler's Woe"
Till they arrive at Terpsie's Hall,
Like we arrived at "Terpsie's Hall"
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Then, quick assembling in the hall,
The lads "salute" the girls "repeat;"
Sweet viols answer prompter's call
And "mirth responds to flying feet."
The couples "circle, swing and change"
And "balance, all," dance to and fro
And then, returning, "gallopade
Just like we used to gallopade
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Some little ones, by fancy led
Or instigated by their mas,
Have prayed and hasted up to bed
To watch and wait for Santa Claus.
A little while their fancies range,
A little while their optics glow
And then, together dream in rhyme
Like happy children dreamed in rhyme
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The amas hang their socks on pegs
And mplace their tiny shoes in pairs,
Then, covering their dimpled legs,
Soft hasten down the muffled stairs.
Old Santa Claus, from o'er The Range,
Does to the quiet chamber go
And fills each little sock and shoe.
Just like he filled each sock and shoe
When I was living at The Grange
Some fifty years ago.

THE AFTERMATH.

Again the flowing stream I reach,
Again I wander on its shore.
To gather trophies from the beach
And drink and bathe as once before.
The deep abyss seems dark and strange,
The whirlpool tells a tale of woe,
Each billow tolls a solemn dirge,
Just like our sexton tolled a dirge
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The demon, Change, has been about
And parted classmates, friends and kin;
He's driven old-time customs out
And ushered many new ones in.
He's felled the cedars on The Range
And laid full many poplars low
And slain the timid aspens, too,
Just like the woodmen used to do
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The wheel that turned the water mill,
  Erstwhile the pride of my young dream,
And pines and vines upon the hill
  Are gliding down the swirling stream.
The school-desks with the eddies range,
  The house and pupils lie below
    And Birchie's sleeping in the pool,
    Just like he used to sleep in school
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

The boys who erstwhile fed the stock
  And men who followed after plows,
Old Shep who circled round the flock
  And maidens fair who milched the cows;
The herds that straggled o'er the range
  And pigs that rambled to and fro
    Have floated past the waterfall,
    Like driftwood passed the waterfall
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

She mild-eyed calves, upon the lawn,
  The little chicks, beside the coop,
Old Shep, who worried goat and fawn,
  Old Watch, who slept upon the stoop,
The birds that flew across The Range
  And deer that browsed in dingles low
    Have drifted past the shelving bend,
    Where surf and flotsam used to blend
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

The old wall-clock, which used to sing
Such merry notes at dinner time,
No longer does its pendule swing,
Nor does it sound its evening chime.
Its palsied hands refuse to range,
Its cogs and hammer will not go
For it, alas! has tumbled down
Like all our *castles* tumbled down
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The King of Terrors came this way
And drafted uncles Tom and Jim,
Dear cousins Ike and Pete and Ray
And took kind Auntie Hope with him.
Wee Willie Jones and Steve Lagrange
And Johnnie Bates and Young Defoe
Beneath the swirling waters lie,
Just like the boulders used to lie
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Grandfather's sleeping on the hill,
Grandmother rests beneath the sod
And Mother, Father, Sam and Phill
Have gone away to dwell with God.
Old Reuben Drake has crossed The Range,
Will Rallston's let his anchor go
And others sleep upon the beach,
Like oysters slept upon the beach
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The lights grow dim, the curtains fall,
Exeunt manse and church and mill,
Descending beach and waterfall
And seething pool and vine-clad hill,
The actors bow and cross The Range,
The kites and doves together go
In search of fields and pastures new,
Just like they sought for pastures new
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Once more the inky curtains lift:
Again the boards come into view;
New actors with the old ones shift,
Old faces hide behind the new.
The scene, indeed, seems weird and strange
As canvas moves and foot-lights glow
And old time friends pass from my sight,
Like others passed beyond my sight
When I was living at The Grange.
Some fifty years ago.

Jack frost has quitted hills and dells
And wintry mists have fled away,
Fair Flora, in the daisies' cells,
Is weaving wreath for smiling May.
Again the cattle seek the range,
Again the vernal breezes blow
And birds enliven woods and fields,
Like they enlivened woods and fields
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The wildgeese, from the far beyond,
  Are coming back to meads and plains
And pelicans, on beach and pond,
  Contend for spoils with gulls and cranes.
The buzzards round the pig-styes range,
  Fierce kites are darting to and fro
    And foxes to the hen-roosts climb.
    Just like they did at brooding time
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago.

Spring's disappeared, bright Summer's fled:
  The daisies hide within their cells
And Flora pouts and hangs her head
  Whilst Autumn's painting hills and dells.
Again the pigeons seek The Range,
  Again the shadows longer grow
    And gleaners quit the fallow fields,
    Like gleaners quit the fallow fields
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago.

The wheat crop's thrashed and stored away,
  The oats and barley's in the bin;
The husbandmen have stacked the hay
  And hauled the cotton to the gin.
Anon they put this "truck on 'change,"
  But dealers say, "It will not go
    Because the market's badly off,"
    Just like the market would *get off*
  When I was living at The Grange,
      Some fifty years ago,

The apple pile is getting hot,
The roup's destroying ducks and hens,
The garden-truck begins to rot,
The pigs are dying in the pens
And sheep are suffering with mange.
So off to town the grangers go
To sell them to the "swindling Jews."
Just like we sold them to the *Jews*
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

THE LAMBS AND WOLVES.

Old Smithies' worn out all his files.
The painter's needing whisks and cans,
The butchers need new Sunday tiles,
The milkman's short on chalk and pans.
The cook has broke the cooking range,
The gardener's mislaid his hoe
And all deplore their "wretched luck."
Like we deplored our wretched luck
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

So each proceeds to store or shop
And quick the salesmen do accost,
Who quick pronounce their wares "tip-top"
And everything is bought at "cost."
Then, *footing* bills and *fobbing* change,
In pairs across the street they go—
To guzzle *slings* and *ginger-stews*—
Just like we "guzzled slings and stews"
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

At night upon their beds of straw,
They reckon all their "bargains" o'er
And, pondering each fault and flaw,
Discover that they're cheated sore.
From cans to files and cooking range,
From painter's brush to tiles and hoe
"The rascals cheated, everyone!"
Just like they cheated, *everyone*,
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

THE LIEN ON CLODDIE'S FARM.

"The mortgage on the farm is due,
Its holder will no longer wait....."
From which the banker takes his cue
And says, "Dear sir, you've come too late:
For, frankly, we are out of change,
Although I grieve to tell you so.
As I'm in haste, I'll say adieu."
Like other bankers said *adieu*
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Old Hardskin, looking bland, serene,
And, becking Cloddie to one side,
Says, "I'll take up Tweezer's lien
If you will make a fair divide."
The contract's signed, the papers change,
And each their sev'ral courses go;
And Cloddie feels quite overjoyed,
Just like his sire felt overjoyed
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Old Hardskin's conscience now is clear,
  And Cloddie's feeling quite content;
The mortgage runs until next year
  At only forty-five per cent.
Before that date the times must change.
  The price of goobers upward go,
    And Cloddie'll save his pound of flesh.
    Like debtors saved their pounds of flesh
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

But time, alas! is "on the fly,"
  And Cloddie's sleeping in the vale:
His orphans round the hearthstone cry;
  His widow's brave, though very pale.
Old Hardskin's features greatly change
  And, after fumbling to and fro,
    Says he, "I'll give the farm to you."
    Just like "the Shylocks" used to do
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

JOE HODDIE AND FRANZ SMILEY.

Joe Hoddie's note, for last year's rent,
  Has sprouted, bloomed and gone to seed
And's *running* now, at six per cent,
  To satisfy old Twistem's greed
Hod's change, or nearly all his change,
  Is spent for grog, on Rotton Row
    And, therefore, Twistem has to wait
    Just like old Tweezers had to wait
  When I was living at The Grange,
    Some fifty years ago.

His butcher's bill remains unpaid,
He owes for coal and breadstuffs, too,
The pay to Doctor's long delayed,
And store accounts are overdue.
The masons' jobs, like seasons, change;
Sometimes they come, sometimes they go.
And Foddies seeking for a job,
Like many masons sought a job
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

His score at Smiley's beer saloon
Has not been cancelled since last fall
And now (the fifteenth day of June,)
That Dutchman's bubbling o'er with gall
And says: "Dese ting haf gotter shange.
Unt non if, den mien peer don't gone;
Fer oddervise mien vife vill starfed
Shoost likes mien brudder's vife vas starfed
Ven I vas lifen mit Der Crange,
um funfzig year agone."

Poor Hoddie's throat feels very dry,
He scarce can drink his toddies up,
A horrid something's in his eye,
And writhing serpents haunt his cup.
Dark spectors do with snakes exchange,
Stygian imps flit to and fro
And terrify the wretched sot,
Just like they terrified the sot
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Poor Hoddie's growing worse and worse:
He gnaws his tongue, he pulls his hair.
Essays to strangle patient Nurse
And shrieks and struggles in despair
But Doctor says: "He'll shortly change
The spooks and demons hence must go
And I will whip the snakes away,"
Like Leechie whipped the snakes away
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Poor Hoddie grows no better, fast,
Sometimes his eye with frenzy rolls:
Sometimes he smiles, then looks aghast:
Again he wrestles with the ghouls,
But by and by there comes a change:
His mutterings more feeble grow:
He quivers; sighs; then sinks to sleep
Like Winesops used to sink to sleep
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Now doctor sits with folded arms
And anxious face and drooping head,
Whilst deft Nepenthe plies her charms
Upon his patient, on the bed.
Quite soon his nerves and features change:
His pulse beats soft; his breathing's slow;
And Doctor cries: "Amen! Amen!"
Like Leechie Dovers cried *Amen!*
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Sweet smiles illume the patient's face;
Some truant tears steal down his cheeks;
Returning Reason takes her place
And then poor, feeble Hoddie speaks,
"Indeed," said he, "there's been a change
That none but ransomed drunkards know,
For which I thank my God and you"—
Like reformed tipplers used to do
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The Bible's brought from off the stand,
The Doctor holds his patient's head,
The smiling wife holds up his hand
And then repentant Hoddy said:
"As Truth can't lie nor Heaven change,
And God man's purposes doth know
Henceforward I will drink no more'—
Like ransomed tipplers drank no more
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The shopmen, looking ledgers o'er,
Appoint a certan hour to meet
With canceled bills, from shop and store,
And lay them all at Hoddie's feet.
Old Twistem brings a bag of change—
Into Hod's hands the eagles flow—
And, smiling, then they all withdrew
Like smiling creditors withdrew
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

For many miles the story sped,
For many days kind neighbors came
To watch beside Joe Hoddie's bed
And magnify God's holy name.
Good wifey, too, now feels a change;
Life's currents freely come and go;
Her faded cheeks begin to bloom
Like summer roses used to bloom
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Now Hoddie has enough to do,
And wields his trowel, square and bob
With hands so deft and strokes so true
That he can always find a job.
His change—at least his surplus change—
Is safely kept on Bankers Row
Or's spent in beautifying home,
Like people beautified the home
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

A building boom has struck the town;
The saws are buzzing, hammers fly;
The walls go up, the cellars down;
Fair domes and steeples kiss the sky.
As wreckers mid the death-traps range
They stop awhile on Rotten Row
To tumble Smiley's dram shop down,
Like "doggeries" were tumbled down
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Franz Smiley, while at meat next day.
Unto his waiting helpmeet said:
"Dot monish vich Joe Hoddish bay
Vill soon peen sphend fer peer unt pread
Unt den sometings haf gotter shange,
Else, not if, to dose pups ve'll gone
Unt eferypody vill us sued,
Shoost likes mien fadder vonce vos sued
Ven I vos lifen mit Der Crange.
Some funfzig year agone."

Then straightway spoke his list'ning frau.
In words that did the Dutchman sear:
"Eef thou vouldst vield von axe unt saw,
Unt guzzle not dot vine unt peer,
Ve'd alvays haf some pread unt shange
Unt haf von home vere ve might gone,
Besides good clodings to put on,
Shoost likes mien vamily all done
Ven I vos lifen mit Der Crange,
Some funfzig years agone."

THE ROUND-UP.

Somebody's fenced the grasslands in
And herds are looking mighty sick;
The cowboy's purse is growing thin
And something's sure to happen quick.
The herders scour the bush and range
And straightway to the shambles go,
To find "range cattle in a stew,"
Just like range cattle used to *stew*
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The buyers hasten to the pens
And scan the bullocks, in a trice,
Computing them by fives and tens
Before they "fix" the *current price.*
"Beef," they announce, "is off on 'change
And bovines sell exceeding slow
Unless they're strictly number one,"
Just like our beeves were number one
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The passing moments swiftly fly,
The days grow very long and hot
Before the *sweating* butchers buy
At one and fifty for the lot.
The cowboys then their garments change
And to the gaming tables go
To "put the festive tiger through,"
Just like we put the *tigers through*
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Soon as the bullocks reach the block
Their briskets go as first-class roast
Their shanks are sold as soup-house stock,
Their suet butters banker's toast.
The surloins sell to bulls on 'change
And higher, higher beefsteaks go
Until they clamber out of reach,
Just like they clambered out of reach
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Again the market's "short on steak,"
And "feeders rustle in their crop;"
But soon there is another "break,"
For hungry Bruin is on top.
The bears have captured the exchange
And down and down quotations go
Till corn-fed beeves begin to boil,
Just like the "grassers" used to boil
When I was living at The Grange
Some fifty years ago.

The pasture fields are looking dun
And armyworms consume the grass.
The rivulets no longer run
And famine threatens Baalam's ass.
Poor Baalam, too, is out of change;
His stock of breadstuff's running low
And Madam Baalam looks askance,
Just like his mother looked askance
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago

Old Baalam views with sinking heart
The withered grass and dried-up pools
And says unto his bettter part:
"We'll have to sell the saddle mule."
So Assinego's hawked on 'change
And Jews and Gentiles 'tend the show,
And Christian people "gather round,"
Like Christian people gathered round
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The bidders parley, feint and drive:
Old Jacobs offers "Ninety-one?"
Prince Baalak shrieks: "I'll raise him five"
And Baalam joyful cries, "'Tis done."
But Assinego's amblings change,
His stubborn limbs refuse to go
With Baalak and his heathen crew,
Just like his father used to do
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

AT THE NEW RECTORY.

Where timid aspens used to wave
And poplars threw their arms aloft
There stands a church, complete from nave
To chancel, aisles and music-loft.
Among its pews staid Christians range,
Along its aisles proud skeptics go,
The few to laugh while many weep,
Just like we used to *laugh* and *weep*
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago

Sweet singers near the organ stand,
Their leader nods and blandly smiles
And anthems float, in measures grand,
Through chancel, nave and vaulted aisles.
Then many saintly visions range,
Then a reverend form bends low
And supplicates the Father's grace,
Just like our parson *prayed* for grace
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The rector lifts his eyes above
And in rapt tones proceeds to tell
The story of Redeeming Love:
How men, through sin, were doomed to hell;
How God, in mercy did arrange
To send His only Son below
To die, that sinners might be saved,
Like sinful mortals, all, were saved
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The girls admire the rector's face,
The women compliment his clothes,
The critics laud his matchless grace
And connoiseurs extol his nose.
The gossips' roving optics range,
A love-struck maid surveys her beau
And Dudie's dawdling in his pew,
Just like he dawdled in his pew
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The children play at hide-and-seek,
The sexton's sleeping in his pew,
A mourner hides his sin-stained cheek
And skeptics keep their eyes askew.
O'er Nabob's brows the houseflies range,
The poodle's racing to and fro
And fretful babies screech and yell,
Just like they used to screech and yell
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

Again the rector, rising up,
Does let his mitred head incline
Whilst dedicating plate and cup
And consecrating bread and wine.
The cruse and platter interchange,
Partakers of the feast bend low
And priest and laymen sip and dine,
Just like we used to sip and dine
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

The rector lifts his voice again:
Soft music floats through nave and dome;
Staid elders bow and cry, "Amen!"
And saints and sinners hasten home.
Some hie them over Smoky Range
And some to Sleepy Hollow go,
Where they, perchance, may laugh or moan,
Just like we used to *laugh* or *moan*
When I was living at The Grange.
Some fifty years ago.

"AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP."

'Twas ever thus since man was born:
He's sowed *wild oats*, expecting gain.
He's planted thistles with the corn
And harvested more tares than grain.
The good and bad will interchange,
As cockle does with barley grow
And thistles mingle with the wheat,
Like thistles mingled with the wheat
When I was living at The Grange.
Some fifty years ago.

And thus it is with us to-day:
We're gathering from seeds we've sown.
We're reaping nettles with the hay
And feeding on the crops we've grown.
We're all pursuing phantoms strange,
Ignoring truths that best we know
And e'en forget that nettles sting,
Like we forgot that nettles *sting*,
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

And thus 'twill be in coming years:
They'll mix the bitter with the sweet.
They'll plant in joy and harvest tears
And feast alike on tares and wheat.
Still ease with toil will interchange
And happiness consort with woe
Until the Reaper does appear,
Just like the *reapers* did appear
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

And thus 'twill be unto the end:
The dregs will mingle with the wine.
The bugloss with the nightshades blend
And briers still the rose entwine.
But winds of God, from o'er The Range,
Shall on these mingled bundles blow
And separate the chaff and wheat,
Just like we winnowed chaff from wheat
When I was living at The Grange,
Some fifty years ago.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR.

THOUGH very old,
And ofttimes told,
This story's true to-day
Of men of deeds
And men of creeds
Upon the "King's Highway."

The annals say:
"Upon a day,"
Some centuries ago
Two holy men
With saintly ken
Sped down "to Jericho."

As they proceed
They glibly read
The creed of Pharisees
And utter plaints
And curses 'gainst
The Greeks and Sadducees.

Debating still,
Like carpers will,
At last their eyes alight
Upon this line
Of law divine:
"Love God with all thy might."

The Levite, he.
Good Pharisee,
Did lift his pious ken
And cried aloud,
His body bowed,
"God pity heathen men!"

The priestly elf,
Wrapped up in self,
Did from the record read:
"Thy neighbor love.
His cares remove
And help him when in need.

Then, whilst they bent
With due attent
Their tablets to compare,
A wail or sigh
Or stifled cry
Disturbed the carping pair.

And looking, then,
Into a glen
Their prying eyes espy
A wounded man
Of Gentile clan,
Where he'd been left to die.

"Can naught betide,"
The poor man cried,
"To stay my fleeting breath?
Oh, orphan's friend,
Some angel send
To stanch this tide of death!"

His pleading cries,
Dejected eyes,
His tones and dialect
And manners meek
Did not bespeak
Him one of "God's elect."

And then again
These holy men,
Both at once, belabor
Their tablets kind
And quickly find
That he's not their "neighbor."

The blushing skies
They scrutinize,
Uplift their hands and pray,
"Jehovah Just,
In whom we trust,
Conduct us on our way."

Deflecting thence
And hasting hence,
Like other Pharisees,
They nimbly walk
And glibly talk
Till lost behind some trees.

"Almighty God!" the Gentile cried.
"Send balm from Gilead
To stanch this fountain at my side
And ease my aching head."

Ere this piteous wail had died,
Upon the desert waste,
A well-known horseman he espied
Approaching him in haste.

He quick drew rein and did alight
And, bending low, he said:
"Oh, brother mine, forget thy plight;
Arouse! uplift thy head.

Repose thy hand within my palm,
Cheer up and look around!
For thee I bring a soothing balm—
A salve to heal thy wound.

Rely upon my strong right arm,
Against my breast recline,
Within thine ear receive this charm,
Thy lips receive this wine.

Thyself with water now canst bathe
Thy fevered cheeks and lips,
Whilst I proceed thy limbs to swathe
And ply some lotioned strips.

Now get thee up, mine Ishmael! *
And be assured by me
That I, God's chosen Israel, †
Am here to succor thee.

* *Whom God hath heard.*
† *Soldier of God.*

Now quick bestride this patient steed;
Be quick! thy flight begin!
Nor tarry thou, nor slack thy speed
Until we reach yon inn.'

The palfry then, with flowing rein
And motion safe and free,
Sped onward over hill and plain
Straight to the hostelry.

Mine host, already at the gate,
Thus questioned Israel:
"Why fetchest thou this reprobate—
Offspring of Ismhael?"

Straightway the soldier-leach replied:
"Whilst riding down this way
I found the man the road beside
And fetched him here to stay.

Perceivest thou this bloated purse?
Be it thy honest gain
If thou'lt engage to coax and nurse
My friend to health again.

Deny him not thy kindly speech,
Withhold no needed store;
And if he needs an expert leech
I'll pay one hundred more."

Old Simeon, with features bland,
Stooped down and plucked his shoe·
Israel offered his right hand—
And host and guest withdrew.

Our soldier, mounted, once again
Sped on, past dune and rill
And vine-entangled slope and plain,
Straight to a tree-girt hill.

And here, again
He tightened rein,
In sight of Galilee,
To hear a youth
Discuss a truth
With quibbling Pharisee.

The Nazarene,
with face serene,
His friend did recognize
And, turning, saw
The saint by law
And said: "Do thou likewise"

No other word
Nor accent heard
Did to him betoken
The subject, or
Occasion for
The command just spoken.

The youth did scan
Samaritan
With kind, approving eyes
And, speaking to
The carping Jew,
This truth did emphasize:

If anyone my need supplies
And bids my woes depart,
Upholds my hand, my bond unties
And cheers my troubled heart;

Supplies me, when my temples ache,
With soothing touch and balm
And, when misfortunes overtake,
Pours shekels in my palm:

Scourges scorpions from my home,
And proffers Virtue's crown,
Forewarns me ere I'm overcome,
Uplifts me when I'm down:

If feeble, poor, if rich, if strong—
Bids me hope and labor—
Approves if right, reproves if wrong—
He's, indeed, MY NEIGHBOR.

TOO DEARLY EARNED.

The soldier gets more scars than fame,
The traveller but little weal,
Lawgivers earn less praise than blame
And poets starve unless they steal.

Our belles display less waist than frills,
A popinjay more cheek than sense;
Physicians thrive on others ills,
A miser sells his soul for pence.

Investors earn less gold than dross,
The miller grinds less grist than toll;
Professors have less brains than gloss,
Some epicures more *taste* than soul.

The printer sells more fibs than facts,
A farmer far more chess than grain;
Attorneys make more briefs than wax
And merchants fob but little gain.

Distillers brew more "sots" than malt,
And politicians win by stealth;
The foot-pad earns more kicks than salt,
A pessimist more snubs than wealth.

Ambitious man! oh, woman fair!
However late this lesson's learned:
You'll find the crown that you may wear
Has been, alas! too dearly earned.

LONG AGO.

IN dreamy mood
One night I stood
The moaning sea beside
Till, from its brim,
A specter dim
Came floating to my side.

"Oh, wight!" I cried
(Glancing aside),
"Oh, ghastly thing of woe!
Impart thy name,
From whnce you came
And whither dost thou go?"

The weary man
The surf did scan
And heaved a sigh of woe,
Inclined his head
And faintly said,
"I've come from Long Ago."

"Oh, hast thou seen
Those gardens green,
Where roses ever blow;
Surveyed the hills
And laughing rills
Of fairy Long Ago?

Are skies still blue
And friends still true;
Does man no troubles know?
Does plenty reign
O'er hill and plain
In smiling Long Ago?"

Says he, "The dearth
Consumes the earth,
Nor do the gardens bloom;
And day and night,
Erstwhile so bright,
Are mantled now with gloom.

The hills once blue,
Thy friends once true,
No love nor beauty know;
And scourges reign
From manse to fane
In woe-cursed Long Ago."

Says I: "Avast!
Be not so fast;
Forego thy driv'ling lies!
At least one dell—
Remembered well—
Is yet a paradise

Within that dell
My parents dwell
And know no want nor care;
Some brothers true
And sisters, too,
Still live, mid plenty, there.

Come, speak me fair,
And do declare
The truth, which thou dost know;
Are not my kin
Still living in
Fair, peaceful Long Ago?"

Quoth he, "Ah, well!
That little dell,
Which gave thy fancies birth,
Through flood and fire
And scourges dire,
Has vanished from the earth.

Death's gloomy pall
Now mantles all
That thou dost claim to know,
And not one trace
Of thy proud race
Survives in Long Ago."

Again I said:
"Hast thou not read
In annals of renown
That men of worth
Still have their birth
In that primeval town?

Thou sniv'ling fool!
I know a school
Within that classic place,
Where sages wise
Project their eyes
Into each niche and space.

I've cousins, too,
A mighty crew,
Whom you perhaps have met,
For they've been there
Through foul and fair
And still reside there yet.

And you, I ween,
Have sometimes seen—
At least you ought to know—
A damsel fair,
With sunny hair,
Who lives in Long Ago."

"Of all that clan
There's maid nor man
(He spoke as in a dream),
Who has not passed,
At first or last,
Across this dark, dark stream.

The school and mill
Are silent—still—
The streams no longer flow;
And busy life
And roaring strife
Ne'er startle Long Ago.

For thine own sake
To-night I'd break
The spell which binds thee fast,
And has for years
Drank up thy tears
And bound thee to the Past."

"Has man no place
In earth nor space,"
I questioned him again,
"Where he may go
To soothe his woe
And ease his racking brain?

'Tis sad, alas!
That I must pass
My wretched life below
Without one thew
To bind me to
My bonny Long Ago."

"Oh, yes, I hear,"
Replied the seer,
"Some poet's roving eye
Has found a place,
Somewhere in space.
That's called 'Sweet Bye-and-Bye.'

In this fair land,
I understand,
There's neither clouds nor snow
And, from its shore,
Men never more
Return to Long Ago

No gloom pervades
Its fields and shades,
No bane pollutes its air;
And not a breath
Of dearth or death
Can ever enter there.

They never sigh
Nor faint nor die
Nor e'en one parting know,
And soon forget,
Or ne'er regret,
The scenes of Long Ago.

No guilt, no stain,
No racking pain
Nor haggard imps of woe
Will there recall
The tomb and pall
Which shroud dead Long Ago."

BENEATH MY BONNET.

Whilst sitting 'neath a mesquite shade,
And eating a bananna,
By chance I spied a winsome maid
Upon the broad savanna.
I looked at her, she glanced at me
From underneath her bonnet:
"I'd like to know, kind sir," said she,
"If you can write a sonnet?
Write a sonnet; ha, ha, ha!
Write a sonnet; che, he, he!
If you can write a sonnet;
Write a sonnet? tra, la, la."

"Sweet Miss," I said, "what is your name?'
Says she, "'Tis plain Susanna."
"Please tell me, do, from whence you came?"
"Beyond this wide savanna."
"Where is your home? tell me, I pray."
"Are you not sketchin' on it?"
"Dear girl, alas! I tell thee nay."
"Then, 'tis beneath my bonnet;
Neath my bonnet; ha, ha ha;
Neath my bonnet, can't you see?
Neath my bonnet; tra, la, la;
Neath my bonnet, che, he, he."

She gave her head an upward toss
And, glancing o'er the prairie,
She sped away the plain across
As blithesome as a fairy
And, as she flew the path along,
She glanced beneath her bonnet
And warbled forth this elfin song:
"I live beneath my bonnet;
Neath my bonnet; can't you see?
Neath my bonnet; ha, ha, ha!
Neath my bonnet; che, he, he!
Neath my bonnet, tra, la, la."

THE birds on the treetops, the flocks on the hills,
Little children and lambkins at play,
And cattle that drink at the fountains and rills
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The pets of fair springtime—buds, leaflets, and all—
The bloom and perfume of bright May,
The grainfields of summer and the treasures of fall
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The nectar we breathe from the apple trees' blows,
Delicious scents from new-tedded hay,
And the fragrance exhaled from clover and rose
Are gliding away, gliding away,

The echoes from girlhood, the foibles of boys;
Fairy baubles which lead youth astray:
Stern conflicts of manhood, its sorrows and joys,
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The sunlight, which shines for the poet and sage,
Bringing joy to the young and the gay,
And shadows which darken the vistas of age
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The phantoms of ocean, the mirage of earth,
Myths and shams that allure us to-day,
Smoke-wreaths from the chimney and gleams off the hearth
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The thunders which startle the heavens and seas,
Vivid lightnings which shiver the oak
And tempests which wrestle with mountains and leas
Are fast gliding away like the smoke

Life's triumphs and failures, defeats and alarms—
Grim specters that affright us for aye—
And pr texts which summon the nations to arms
Are gliding away, gliding away.

Our friends of the fireside—sweet cherubs so brown,
Happy bridegrooms and brides of one day
And grandame and grandsire in slippers and gown—
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The foes that affright us, the sins we should shun,
Every ill that environs our way,
Sore trials which shock us and risks which we run
Are gliding away, gliding away.

The awe we once felt in the presence of death,
Saddened thoughts of our body's decay
And dread of those nightmares that covet our breath
Are gliding away, gliding away.

Since Jesus has lifted the mantle of gloom,
Erst enshrouding man's prison of clay,
The goblins of death and the ghouls of the tomb
Are gliding away, gliding away.

Our bodies, alas! clad in garments of woe,
Ere long will fatten grave-demons grim,
But our spirits—dim portraits of God—will go
Gliding away, away unto Him.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

The kindly acts that woe suggests
Are things we do too oft neglect.
But words which sorrow most detests
Are those which people most affect.

The poorest gift to want eer given,
However poor that gift appears,
Is richer in the sight of Heaven
Than sympathetic words and tears.

Kindly words, if fitly spoken,
May haply blunt affliction's darts,
But, alas! their spell is broken
When they essay to cure its smarts.

Whene'er a wretch for succor pleads,
Speak kindly as you feel, or know,
But be your speech a key to deeds
That may remove his want or woe.

I STOOD at my window one day
And mused in a dazed, mystified way
About—''What?''—do you say?
A brother I'm trying to get at,
In a land far away,
Who must be as gray as a rat,
But yet, notwithstanding all that,
Is a quiz till to-day.

Oh, Brother mine! what a fakish *nom*
De plume is that outlandish ''Tom—
(Which you write at the end
Of epistles inscribed to a friend)—
Trubo'' you've stolen from
A name I am attempting to mend:
Leastwise, if I can, I intend
To cashier ''Doctor Tom.''

To speak frankly, and very brief,
For hours I'd been scanning a leaf
And a *nom de plume* queer,
That closely resembled a fake,
Which I was then striving to make
Just a little more clear.

Not wishing to make a mistake
In handling this fraudulent fake—
Or whate'er it implied—
And, wishing to get a fair start,
'Id taken the *nom* all apart
And had laid it aside.

The problem grew plainer to me
When I had discovered a D,
And beneath it, you know,
Was a modest lower-case O,
And next in position, you see,
Was its *third*, which is C.
The "Doc" had a meaning for me,
Although it was *minus* a T,
So I placed one below
And followed it up with an O,
And lest an omission might mar,
I then added an R.

Then, looking for something afar,
By chance I spied another R,
And, pursuing this cue,
I shortly discovered a U,
And then, looking downward, you see,
I detected a B,
Then, carefully seeking, you know,
I picked up a very round O,
And I chuckled in glee
At sight of a very small T,
And then, what a comfort to me,
I found another T,
And, whilst I was searching below
I descried a lower-case O,
Which I added to them
And finished the name with an M.

Dancarson Nosilwink.

D-ivining prophet, cease thy quest!
O, poet, let "Tom Trubo" rest!
R-eversing letters in my "*nom*"
C-an never make it else than "Tom."
A-gain each consonant restore,
S-o, too, each vowel, as before
A-nd, when the letters you've reversed,
N-e'er strive again to make R *first;*
N-o, never, never, nevermore.
W-ith patience hear me to the end;
I speak to thee as friend to friend:
L-et "Doctor Tom" assume his mace;
K-eep "Trubo" in his proper place:
I-nitials place, as once before,
N-or change one dot or underscore;
S-et up the T's where they belong,
O-mitting naught that you've set wrong;
N-ow let "*nom*" BE, forevermore,

Doctor Tom Trubo.

WHAT IS MAN.

WHAT, what is man?
The key-stone of creation fair,
God's noblest work, His chiefest care
Since time began.
The potentate of earthly climes,
A freeman oft, a serf sometimes;
A being clothed in attributes
Well-befitting gods or devils;
A creature far above the brutes,
Yet inclining to their levels.

Aye, what is man?
T thing endowed with mind and will,
The acme of creative skill,
Within whose span
The force resides to master steam
And utilize the lightning's gleam.
A ruler ruled by circumstance.
Dread nemesis in mortal fray,
The willing dupe of sycophants.
A coward when the donkeys bray.

Aye, what is man?
An entity divinely wrought,
A soul instinct with soaring thought,
Whose vision can,
Unclouded by the haze of earth,
Discern the Cause which gave it birth.
An offshoot of angelic line,
Sweet benison to those who're sad,
A gentle priest at mercy's shrine,
A wild tornado when he's mad.

Aye, what is man?
A nugget from celestial mine.
An image cast in mold divine,
Through Wisdom's plan,
Who testifies in every place
That he's partaker of God's grace.
A prodigy of brawn and might,
A noble knight, a cringing elf,
A howling fiend, an angel bright,
A mystery unto himself.

WHILE poring o'er
Some musty lore,
Where gossip, news and fiction blend,
My prying eyes
Scanned with surprise
This mention of a long-lost friend:

"The Advocate
Is pleased to state
That Meanjoe, of Hooziers' Nest,
Well known to us—
The dear old cuss—
Is coming to the growing West.

This Meanjoe,
Long years ago.
'Tanned Hooziers', at Opossum Flats.
And's coming here
Sometime this year
To tan the pelts of our own brats."

No other sign
Or printed line
Appeared upon this thumb-worn page,
Whereby to trace
The honored race
That sired and fed and owned this sage.

But, glancing still
Like people will
When searching for a friend long-gone,
I spied a page—
A type-writ page—
With this epistle stamped thereon:

"Dear Kernel noax,
Inform yore Foax
That I hev tuck my penn & rizz
Tew let yew No
That Meanjoe
Iz closing out our collidge Bizz.

Sense Meanjoe
Hed fur too Go
Teechin down on aigur River
He sez he's Felt
Ez iff his Melt
Is outgrowing brindell's Liver.

Betwix the Shaiks,
Tix fleeze & Snaix
We're inflicted moast Distressing
& hoap that Yew
& awl yore Crew
Is injoying the saim Blessing.

POAST SKRIPT.

I right at nune,
Nineteeth ov joon.
From moonshine bend, Inn '92,
& iff bob Steere
Goze west next Year
I'll send this oph inn haist too Yew,

TAIK NOTUS.

When this yew Sea
Remembr Me
Too yore Boys & miss soPhiar,
& iff yew've Thyme
Too print this Rime
I'll remane yore Friend maRiar.

My dawterPeg
& Sun peaLegg,
Jerooshy jane & awl the Rest
Declaire they'll Go
With Meanjoe
Tew teech yore collidge in the West,

CONFIDENSHUL.

The trusteaze Down
Tew shaikersTown,
Besides the Regents up too trent,
Hev rit too No
Iff Meanjoe
Cann serve them az their Prsydent.

FINUS.

I've tuck my Penn
Inn Hand aGenn
Fur too conclood this Peppergramm
& let yew No
That Meanjoe
Is keeping Skool fur unkel samm.

We've nice Jimcrax
& rair Nicknax
& plenty smiles on us, yew No;
&, az a Rool,
Each boy inn Skool
Iz moast ez smart ez Meanjoe.

So Pleeze apprize
Yore trusteaze Wize
That greenbax maik the filley Go,
& golden Brix
Winn awl the Trix
When playing Skool withe
Meanjoe,''

CISCO'S CALAMITY.

OH, HARK! oh, hark!
A demon dark—
Grim spawn of devils fell—
Is swooping down
On ranch and town,
Fair countryside and dell.

With hellish haste
He lays all waste—
No "thing of beauty" spares—
His cloven hoofs
Crush walls and roofs
And rive the thoroughfares,

The hillsides steep
And gorges deep
His awful breathings feel;
And cot and fane
Sink 'neath the bane
Of his relentless heel.

Fair Cisco now,
With bleeding brow,
Lies, prone, beneath his feet;
Dismantled homes
And ruined domes
Encumber lawn and street.

Alack! alack!
Along his track
Grim death and horrors blend!
And searchers leap
From heap to heap
To liberate some friend.

Dazed parents haste
Along the waste
In search of some loved form;
Crazed children, too,
The search pursue,
Unmindful of the storm.

Alack-a day!
Jove's mortars play,
To whet the demon's wrath,
And sulph'rous fires
Ignite the pyres
Left in the storm-fiend's path.

Fair women wail
And strong men quail,
And gasp some doomed one's name,
As upward rise
Unto the skies
Vast pyramids of flame.

Oh, wretched night!
Oh, ghasty sight!
Ye do our senses daze;
Oh, frantic grief,
Beyond belief,
Ye horrify our gaze!

May God, we pray,
These demons lay,
Ere all we love be lost;
Restrain the ire
Of wind and fire
And stay this hollocaust.

May courage stern
Once more return,
And cravens step aside
Till time shall heal
And bless with weal
The town and countryside.

May Hope, again,
Return to reign,
Fair Thrift resume her sway
And Joy replace
Upon each face
The smiles of yesterday.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

ERE men had builded lodge or fane,
So gossips do declare,
"Freemasons met upon one plane
And parted on the square."

"They builded better than they knew,"
When, in the open air,
They met upon a level true
And parted on the square.

The ruling prince with dainty feet
And "hods" with shoulders bare,
Did daily on the level meet
And part upon the square.

Some baron, from his country seat,
And peasants, bent with care,
Did often on the level meet
And talk upon the square.

The "bosses" with their kits complete
And craftsmen bright and yare,
Did daily on the level meet
And build upon the square

In dreamy mood I ponder yet
Upon those ages fair
When "fellows" on the level met
And labored on the square.

Yes, still in fancy I recall
The master workman's care
In trying ashlars, big and small,
By level, bob and square.

I would not, if I could, forget
Those men of wisdom rare
Who erst upon the level met
And acted on the square.

And I admire the workmen, yet,
With reputations fair,
Who on the level valleys met
To work upon the square.

No frater, then, did once forget
His bed and board to share
With those who on the level met
And "travelled" on the square.

Our elder brothers, wise, discreet,
Looked with suspicious air
At such as on the level "meet"
To "prosper" by the square.

The oily tramp, the fraud, the cheat,
The dude with bangled hair
Upon their "level" could not meet
Or flourish on their "square."

BENEATH THE OAKS.

BENEATH the oaks, the leafy oaks,
The owls their vigils keep
And lazy sheep contented sleep
Beneath the leafy oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the fruitful oaks,
Fat, grunting porcines dine
And fireflies shine and hares recline
Beneath the fruitful oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the friendly oaks
Confiding tendrils twine
And juicy vines exude their wine
Beneath the nectared oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the festive oaks,
The maudlin tipplers sip,
And jesters quip and dancers trip
Beneath the festive oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the spectral oaks,
Rapacious cougars prowl,
Cayotes howl and canines yeowl
Beneath the spectral oaks.

Beneath the oaks the raven croaks
Unto the nightingale,
And wren and quail repeat love's tale
Beneath enchanting oaks.

Beneath the oaks, seductive oaks
The serpent weaves his snare.
And woman fair sinks in despair
Beneath lamenting oaks.

Beneath the oaks religious folks
Their pleading voices raise.
And lover's gaze meets lover's gaze
Beneath the eyeless oaks

Beneath the oaks, the bashful oaks.
Love fashions arrow-tips
And swainling lips meet virgin lips
Beneath begrudging oaks.

Beneath the oaks the coquette yokes
Her victim to her train
Until her swain votes death his gain
Beneath dissembling oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the solemn oaks.
The hearse sometimes appears.
And manly tears stain infant biers
Beneath the weeping oaks.

Beneath the oaks the farmer smokes
His homely pipe of clay.
And children play the livelong day
Beneath the sportive oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the winking oaks.
Old Nimrod picks his flint,
Meteors glint and starlets squint
Beneath the blinking oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the circling oaks.
Young manhood's dream is turned,
Desire is spurned and lessons learned
Beneath the circling oaks.

Beneath the oaks the women folks
The golden butter churn,
Fair maidens yearn and passions burn
Beneath the jealous oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the vaulting oaks,
Ambition whets her darts,
And envy's smarts sting many hearts
Beneath ambitious oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the nut-brown oaks,
Ripe acorns tumble down
And elfins brown dun Autumn crown
Beneath the cone-decked oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the mantling oaks,
When blossoms disappear,
The fairies dear crown Flora's bier,
With acorns, 'neath the oaks

Beneath the oaks, the saddened oaks,
When merry mock-birds leave,
Sad linnets grieve from morn to eve
Beneath the saddened oaks.

Beneath the oaks, protecting oaks,
When snowflakes fleck the skies,
Jack Rabbit wise to shelter hies
Beneath protecting oaks.

Beneath the oaks, the choral oaks,
Should other joys depart,
Some muse's art will cheer my heart
Beneath the choral oaks.

Beneath the ever-living oaks,
When life shall slip away,
I'd have you lay my lifeless clay
'Neath ever living oaks.

LIGHT'S NATAL DAY.

CREATION stalked in inky space—
Drear, desolate, forlorn—
Ere Order took Confusion's place
And Day and Night were born.

Weird shadows mantled sky and sea,
Earth groped in cheerless night
Till Wisdom uttered this decree:
Henceforth "Let there be light."

Ten thousand planets cry aloud,
"Begone, oh, dismal Night!"
And suddenly, from out the cloud,
Appears primeval light.

Submissive stars file into place:
Dawn's banners are unfurled:
Grim Chaos hides his wrinkled face
And Order rules the world.

Astonished Silence pricks her ears
And quakes at Jove's command,
And startled Chaos disappears
When Dawn displays her hand.

Glum Midnight's gates are set ajar—
Stars clap their hands and shout—
As smiling Sun and Morning star
Fling Dawn's bright banners out.

Retreating darkness rends her veil
And Dreamland wakes from sleep
As primal Dawn, with optics pale,
Does through the gloaming peep.

Deformity forsakes her realm
And Beauty steps in place;
Unfettered Slumber doffs her helm
And scans fair Morning's face.

The yawning caverns ope their eyes,
Weird shadows flit away
And Twilight paints the earth and skies
With dimpled, golden rays.

The gnomes foergo their midnight feast,
Blind ghouls their lids unfold
To gaze upon the glowing east.
New-clad in robes of gold.

The valleys sing a gladsome song,
The hills repeat the strain,
And minstrels of the sky prolong
Earth's jubilant refrain.

The mountains lift their hoary heads,
The rivers laugh in glee
And oceans leap from out their beds
Light's rosy cheeks to see.

The forests high their voices raise,
Old Northwind tunes his horn,
To celebrate, with notes of praise,
The advent of young Morn.

The lilies fair and asphodels,
Bright roses clad in charms,
And pansies, pinks and daffodils
Disport in Sunlight's arms.

Æolic lyres, with sweetest notes,
Join in the roundelay
Ascending from a ten thousand throats
And hymn Light's Natal Day.

EXCHANGE.

WHILE pondering one night
On the temperance cause,
King Alcohol's victims
And the state's liquor laws,
My thoughts were arrested
By the names and designs
That I've seen paraded
As whiskey-sellers' signs.

Yes, hung o'er the entrance
To the rum demons home
We see some bright sentence
To entice men to come
And crucify virtue,
For the profit of knaves,
Tnd sacrifice honor
On the altars of slaves.

They've "Altas" and "Eagles,"
And "Retreats" and "Arcades,"
"Palaces" and "Parlors,"
And "Pavillions" and "Shades;"
But there's an apter name
That the rumsellers place
O'er their purlieus of shame
To proclaim man's disgrace.

That name is more common;
To but few is it strange;
A name of ill omen:
'Tis Exchange! "The Exchange."

EXCHANGE! Oh, what portents
Of debasement it bears
When hung o'er the portals
Of those soul-killing snares,

Where man oft exchanges
His escutcheon of truth
For rum, which estranges
Good intentions of youth.

Exchanges a pure heart
And an intellect bright
For offenses which start
From the wine cup's dread blight.

Exchanges a bright home
Peace, refinement and ease
For a sin-haunted slum,
Pinching want and disease.

Exchanges his manhood,
Noble, gen'rous and brave,
For wild passions which brood
In the breast of a knave.

Exchanges the solace
That's given by prayer
For Satan's libations
And the wails of despair.

Exchanges the prattle
Of an innocent child
For bachanal revels
And a conscience defiled.

Exchanges mother's smiles—
Bringing shame to her face—
For the rumseller's wiles
And the tippler's disgrace.

Exchanges love divine
And sweet domestic bliss
For a tankard of wine
And the serpent's foul kiss

Exchanges hopes of kin,
And a father's desire,
For a bumper of gin
And the doom of hell-fire.

Exchanges blessings dear—
E'en the love of a wife—
For the rumguzzler's leer
And the debauchee's life.

Exchanges his fair fame
For the winebibber's lot,
And an untarnished name
For the name of a sot.

Exchanges peace for strife
And the chains of a slave,
When exchanges his life
For the dram-drinker's grave

"'TWIXT YOU AND I."

"'TWIXT you and I,"
Said Lena Fay,
The other day,
"I abhor Sue Danners
And, if I may,
I'll find a way
To improve her manners,
Bye and bye.

'Twixt you and I
She can't deny,
The vixen sly,
That, when here last Monday,
She sung and played—
The flirting jade!
And tossed a kiss to Grundie—
From one eye

'Twixt you and I,
Perhaps she thinks,
The horrid sphynx,
My eyes were in eclipse
And could not see
The kisses she
Bestowed on Grundie's lips
On the sly.

'Twixt you and I,
The Queerleys say
Whenever they
Pass along our siding
They overhear—
Is that not queer?—
Tu (two) lips colliding
With a sigh.

''Twixt you and I
At Beacher's Bay,
Some time in May,'
Says Samantha Tanners,
'I noticed him
Right in the swim
With Susanna Danners.'
Then says I:

''Twixt you and I,
In former days
Such horrid ways
Were not tolerated;
And belles and beaux
In swimming clothes
Were abominated,
On the sly.'

'Twixt you and I
Sylvester Browne,
The legal clown,
Says that Judge Profundy
Declared to him
And partner, Slimm,
That he'd 'settle Grundie,
On the sly.'

"'TWIXT YOU AND I."

'Twixt you and I,
Old Browne is off
And Slimm's a muff
And Judge Profundy's vain.
If they expect
That all their sect
Could separate us twain
Ere we die.

'Twixt you and I,
Till close of life
I'm Grundie's wife,
And he's my own Grunnie;
And wrath pursue
His Judgship who
Parts our ways for money,
On the sly.''

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY, alas!
The patient ass
May swelter in the furrow,
But Master will
His manger fill
With provender to-morrow.

To-day the bees,
Upon the leas,
Despite the hawk and sparrow,
Will gather mell
From leaf and cell
To feed their broods to-morrow.

To-day the snail
Winds up his tail
And slinks into his burrow,
But busy Pug
May find the slug
And wind him up to-morrow,

To-day the clown,
In freckled gown,
The punster's quips may borrow,
But they, alack!
May sting his back,
Like scorpions, to-morrow.

To-day the elf,
Enrobed in self,
Ignores his neighbor's sorrow,
But he should know
That changeless woe
Awaits such churls to-morrow.

To-day some belle,
Who would excel,
May from the rainbow borrow,
But she, perhaps,
When colors lapse,
May be a hag to-morrow.

To-day some maid
Who's "not afraid"
May laugh at cupid's arrow,
But she, perchance,
May feel his lance
Beneath her basque to-morrow.

To-day some sprig
May freely "swig,"
To drown the imps of sorrow,
But those who "swill"
Mayhap will fill
A drunkard's grave to-morrow.

To-day some boy
With fiendish joy
May shie a poisoned arrow,
But he may feel
The baneful steel
In his own flesh to-morrow.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, my friend,
My words attend,
And from my pencil borrow
A little tint
Of light, to glint
Along thy path to-morrow,

To-day, if you
Hope's lights pursue,
Love's peerless wardrobe borrow,
You may, perchance,
Your weal enhance
And gladden friends to-morrow.

To-day, oh, man!
You, doubtless, can
Uplift some child of sorrow
And, with your "tips,"
Persuade his lips
To smile, again, to-morrow,

To day each youth,
Pursuing truth,
A gleam of light may borrow
And send that ray
Of light away
To cheer some wretch to-morrow.

To-day, forsooth—
This is the truth—
We do too often borrow
Some portent wise,
From seer or skies,
Which augurs ill to-morrow

To-day, I know,
One-half the woe
    Which mortals often borrow
From fool or knave
Or prophet grave,
    Remains unpaid to-morrow.
To-day—just now—
Decline to bow
    Beneath a threatened sorrow,
And you will find
That angels kind
    Will rift the clouds to-morrow.

OPOSSUM FLATS.

I'VE sometime read, in rhyme or prose,
About a roving tar-heel band
That "went out west," the story goes,
"To hunt for game and enter land.
One day they stopped" the annal says,
"To graze their steers and rest their brats"
Amid the hills and shelving brays
That overlook Opossum Flats.

"And there," the truthful scribe pursued,
"The peering brats the wigwam spied,
Wherein the Prophet-Warrior wooed
And won his fawn-eyed Shawnee bride,"
They *bivoucked* near a laughing stream
That wantoned on the prairie's breast
Till, like a smile or poet's dream,
It vanished in the blushing west.

The annal said that "Flora fair
Surveyed the land through goggles green
And Beauty fainted, in despair,
Whilst viewing the enchanting scene.
Pomona looked with jealous glance
Upon the fruitful dells and brays
And Ceres scanned with eyes askance,
Tecumseh's teeming fields of maize.

Amid these haunts of savage men,
Where beasts of prey forever strayed
O'er tangled brake and sedgy fen,
Fair valleys, hills and everglade,
They built a house of blocks and lime,"
Declares the modest writer's pen,
"Which has withstood the waste of time
For more than fourscore years and ten."

Two giant oaks—brave sentinels—
Keep watch beside the cottage door
And roses, pinks and asphodels
Still blossom as they did of yore.
That rivulet, mid pebbly banks,
Meanders through the bloomy plain
And skipping lambs, with merry pranks,
Run races down the tree-girt lane.

And—where the catamounts and bears
Erst foraged for their hungry broods,
And lynx-eyed panthers had their lairs
Amid the gloomy solitudes—
The grangers now, with hoe and plow,
Daily tickle the fertile soil,
And garners groan and cellars moan
Beneath the products of their toil.

And—where those rippling fountains leap
From underneath the sandstone wall
And fructify the vale and steep,
Bewitching meadows, fields, and all—
The race equine and mild-eyed kine
Contented drink and lave and graze.
And lazy swine forever dine
On clover, peas and tempting maize.

The gardens, vineyards, orchard plots,
As each succeeding fruit-time comes,
Yield ample stores of apricots
And quinces, apples, pears and plums,
Ruby cherries, toothsome berries
And peaches, grapes and nectarines,
Whilst in the brakes the sweet mandrakes
Still thrive beside wild muscadines.

And now, where once those red men roamed
Through dingle, vale and everglade,
There stands a city paved and domed—
A busy, bustling mart of trade—
Where endless broods of fops and dudes
And shopmen with their hundred wares,
In diverse moods and attitudes,
Forever throng her thoroughfares.

And, where Tecumseh's wigwam stood
(A *rendezvous* for Shawnee bands),
Hard by that selfsame stream and wood
An institute of learning stands,
Where reckless boys mid din and noise
Chase flying balls o'er near-by hills,
And romping girls, with loosened curls,
Run races with the waltzing rills.

And, where those sturdy pioneers
Repelled grim foes and reared estates,
Grandchildren now, unawed by fears,
Securely dwell within their gates.
That laughing stream—so like a dream—
(A benediction to those "brats")
Meanders still beneath the hill
Which overlooks Opossum Flats.

I'M PINING TO KNOW.

I'M scanning to-night
The fast-fading light,
From the embers' soft glow,
Inquiring, the while,
If homefolks still smile
As they did years ago.
Yes, I'm pining to know
If father and mother,
Sisters and brother
Are looking as neat
And smiling as sweet
As they did years ago

O sweet, gentle muse,
I pray, don't refuse
To impart all you know:
Does mother still sit
In her chair and knit,
As she did years ago?
And I'm pining to know
If father still plows
And curries the cows
And tedders the hay
In sunshiny May,
Like he did years ago.

O tell me, sweetheart,
Ere thou dost depart—
For I'm pining to know—
Does brother ''plant oats''
And worry the goats,
Like he did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
If sometimes he takes
Ma's brown ginger cakes
And ''swaps'' them to boys
For Jewsharps and toys,
Like he did years ago.

And, oh! gentle muse,
If you will excuse
Me, I'd like to know
(How much I can't tell):
Is ''Halie'' as well
As she was years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
That her fluffy hair
Is glossy and fair,
And her liquid eyes
Resemble the skies,
Like they did years ago.

Are laddies as spry
And lassies as shy?
Oh! I'm pining to know
If suitors ''propose''
And girls ''lift the nose,''
Like they did years ago.

I also would know
If swainlings "repine
For angels divine,"
And damsels elude
The coxcomb and dude,
Like they did years ago.

Do backlogs still blaze
On cold winter days,
And the hearthrocks still glow?
Do Pussey and Pug
Recline on the rug,
Like they did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
That Puggy's as sly
And Pussey's as spry
And scamper away
In quest of their prey,
Like they did years ago.

Does Auntie repose
With specks on her nose—
With both cheeks all aglow—
And Uncle define
The "Message Divine,"
Like they did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
That Uncle is still
"Proclaiming God's will,"
And Auntie's bright smile
Is free from all guile,
Like it was years ago.

Do wild geese forsake
The meadows and lake,
Ere the coming of snow,
And linnets repair
To regions more fair.
Like they did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
If chipmunks betake
Themselves to the brake.
And pigeons retreat
At the coming of sleet,
Like they did years ago.

Do laddies drive sleighs
Propelled by four bays,
Through the deep-drifted snow;
And maids, jumping in,
Redouble the din,
Like they did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
If lasses and boys
Partake of those joys,
Supposed to await
Sweethearts at the gate,
Like they did years ago

Do skaters betake
Themselves to the lake,
To "befigure the snow;"
Or fall, in a trice,
Through holes in the ice.
Like they did years ago?

Yes, I'm pining to know
If, "sliding" away
At dawning of day,
They make "a blue streak
O'er millpond and creek,
Like they did years ago.

Does plenty abide
At the countryside,
And cupboards o'erflow?
Do pancakes arise
To greet pumpkin pies
Like they did years ago?
Oh! I'm pining to know
That doughnuts funny,
Dripping with honey,
Still "sadisfy" girls
And "peacify" churls
Like they did years ago.

Do work-hands arise
Ere Sol climbs the skies,
Or the cockerels crow,
And feed the gray mare
And gloze up her hair
Like they did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
That hands never shirk
Their duties and work,
But hasten a-field
Whilst Sol is concealed
Like they did years ago.

Does patient old "Cook"
Reside in that nook,
With full cellars below,
And leaven the bread
And "dodder" her head
Like she did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
That Cook still resides
Where plenty abides
And fashions and bakes
Cute crullers and cakes
Like she did years ago.

Doravens e'er come
To sadden their home
With weird croakings of woe?
Do kites hasten by
The mansion and cry
Like they did years ago?
Yes, I'm pining to know
That children, at least,
Continue to feast
And angels, a-wing,
Glad messages bring,
Like they did years ago.

"THE MOTE THAT'S IN THY BROTHER'S EYE."

MY Christian friend, should you descry
A pesky stye or beam or mite
Impinging on your neighbor's eye,
And threatening his moral sight:

Be not in haste to rectify
The oblique ray, remove the mite
Or puncture the intruding stye,
Expecting to improve his sight.

First ponder well; and do not act
Till you consult a mirror's light,
And there behold the cataract
Which is impairing your own sight.

Then pay some occulist to cleanse,
With *couching style* and helping knife,
The opaque substance from the lens
And thus restore your orb to life.

Then you may see, through eyes of love,
How to incise the festering stye,
And understand how to remove
"The mote that's in thy brother's eye."

I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

BROTHERS, farewell; a long adieu!
I break this chain with fond regret!
But should I never more see you,
Though distant far, I'll not forget
The pleasant moments we have passed
Beneath yon star's effulgent ray.
Such precious hours; too bright to last!
I'll ne'er forget, though far away.

Before we say good-bye, at last,
Or I have laid this gavel by,
Let's plant yon flagstaff deep and fast
And fling our banner to the sky.
With Faith emblazoned on each shield,
Sweet Charity and Hope as guides,
And courage to possess the field,
We need not fear, whate'er betides.

When I am in my distant home
To you my thoughts will ever stray,
And pleasant memories will come
To cheer me, though I'm far away.
The restless moments flee amain
And I, alas! must say adieu;
But though we never meet again,
I will forever think of you.

A TRAVELLER to grief a prey,
His age by cares beset,
Had journeyed o'er life's rugged way
To where two pathways met.

The right-hand path led up a hill,
Its summit draped in snow,
The other down, and downward still,
To dreary wastes below.

He, doubting, gazed a little while
Upon his left and right;
Above him loomed that misty pile,
Below was cheerless night.

Then, turning round and looking back
O'er steeps he'd crossed before,
He plaintive cried, "Alack, alack!
I'm weary, weak and sore."

And, bending low, he faintly said:
"Thy way, at last, I see,
Leads ever up and straight ahead—
Oh, Father! lead thou me."

His eyelids close. Anon he sleeps
Whilst fancy's shuttle weaves
A web of valleys, woods and steeps,
Rare fruits and golden sheaves.

Again, awakened from his sleep,
He saw the curtain gray
Had vanished from the misty steep;
And clear appeared the way.

A virgin clothed in garments bright,
And in her hand a wand,
Bade him ascend the toppling height
And view the realms beyond.

Forsaking, then, his lowly bed
He did the task essay,
Exclaiming while he onward sped,
"At last I've found the way!"

His strength restored, his halting gone,
His vision once more clear,
He bravely struggled, up and on,
Unfettered now by fear.

Proceeding onward, upward still,
An ocean he espied
Emerging from the crested hill,
Tow'rd which his footsteps hied.

As he approached the ocean's brim,
To taste its cooling wave,
An angel fair, accosting him,
Straightway this counsel gave:

"Dismiss all doubts which cumber thee,
Cast earthly cares aside,
Forget the world and follow me
Across yon river's tide."

The twain the ocean quickly neared,
Rejoicing on their way,
And o'er its waters disappeared
Forever and for aye.

THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.

AH! threescore years and added ten!
Fast-fleeting, yet how dear!
Ye magnify the hopes of men,
Then quickly disappear.

We welcome you with childish glee,
But bid you swifter go
And wonder why your steps must be
So wearisome and slow.

Oft we condemn your slothful freaks,
Your irksome, tardy ways,
Which lengthen hours to tiresome weeks
And moments into days

Aye, halting years, how slow ye pass,
Ere life attains its noon.
But when its zenith comes, alas!
Ye speed away too soon.

Ah! years of toil, of pleasure, ease,
Of schemes untimely born,
A cycle of despiar, disease,
Ambition, love and scorn.

An age of hope, of anxious thought,
Of safety and surprise;
A period most strangely fraught
With sloth and enterprise.

When man approaches ripened age
Ye teach him, then, his doom
And lead him off life's busy stage
Into the silent tomb

But, threescore years and added ten,
Or long, or short ye be,
You're long enough for sensate men
To win Life's victory.

GOD'S CHOSEN PLAN.

TEN bearded men
With knowing ken,
From pulpit, bar and store,
Sat by the grate
Of Deacon Waite
And talked the Scriptures o'er.

Great, pond'rous sheaves
Of Gospel leaves
Were subject to their scan,
And from some sheaf
Each culled a leaf
To prove his cherished "plan."

"By faith," one cried,
"We're justified:
For here 'tis written twice:
'If ye believe
Ye shall receive
The joys of Paradise."

Says number two,
"Christ died for you
And all of Adam's race;
Hence, I conclude
The multitude
Is saved alone by grace."

"God foreordained,"
The third explained,
"Ere stars the heavens gemmed,
That whom he chose
Should find repose;
And others He condemned."

"Avaunt, sect lore!"
Quoth number four.
"That Scripture's been revised:
Christ's promise saves
The devil's slaves
If they will be baptised."

"I'll never dive,"
Said number five,
"Beneath cold Jordan's flood;
For God's own Son—
Incarnate One—
Has washed me with His blood."

"Good works affix,"
Quoth number six,
"Unto your sev'ral creeds,
"For here 'tis said,
'Your faith is dead,'
If not sustained by deeds."

"The texts I've read,"
The seventh said,
"Have failed to make it clear
How man may reach
That mystic beach
To which ye Christians steer."

"Man's final fate,"
Quoth number eight,
"You have not yet made plain,
So I'll premise
That when he dies
He'll never live again."

Says number nine,
"I do opine,
Your arguments prove naught;
If God be just
He surely must
Preserve what Jesus bought."

"I am prepared,"
The tenth declared,
"To answer all your texts,
Explode the creeds
And damn the deeds
Of all dogmatic sects.

"But love doth chain
My heart and brain
And bids my tongue be still
Till I present
This Testament—
True record of God's will.

"Oh, Bible mine!
Oh, Book divine!
What treasures thou dost hold!
In tender youth
I sought thy truth
And trust thee now I'm old.

"Geology
And chemistry
May call thy facts absurd;
Perchance suggest
Some crucial test
To down thy sacred word.

"However, just
Beneath the crust
There lies—though hid from you—
A richer store
Of precious ore
Than Ophir ever knew.

"Let Paine declare
And Volney swear,
'Twas written by man's hand,'
Yet skeptics wise
Cannot devise
A scheme one-half so grand.

"Here science can
Perceive the plan
Which fixed the planet's course
And, also, find
The laws designed
To govern life and force.

"Herein the blind
May eyesight find,
Herein the wayward's taught;
Herein may page,
King, bard and sage
Find food to nourish thought.

"It teaches you
How to pursue
That 'straight and narrow way,'
Through which, 'tis said,
The Christian's led
Into eternal day.

"Should you engage
To scan each page,
Through eyes of faith and love,
You then may ope
Truth's envelope
And find Life's treasure-trove."

And straightway then
These bearded men
Each bowed beside his chair
And did repeat,
In manner meet,
This simple, Christ-like prayer:

"Oh, God of might
And peace and light!
At once my conscience move
And condescend,
Right now, to send
Some token of thy love,

"Whereby I may
Discern the way
Which leads to life, indeed,
And never more
With garbled lore
Attempt to boltser 'Creed.'

"Let love and hope
My eyelids ope;
From bias make me free;
Let truth divine
Within me shine
And light the way to Thee.

"Oh, do forestall
The bigot,s thrall!
That everyone may see
And understand
That each 'Command'
With others does agree.

"Oh, push aside
Self-will and pride!
Confound the schemes of man!
That all our creeds,
And also deeds,
May verify Thy Plan."

THE SCHOOL BENEATH THE HILL.

[*Do you remember the school beneath the hill?*—REUBEN DRAKE.

YES, I remember, Reuben Drake,
"The schoolhouse 'neath the hill,"
Beside the glassy, dimpled lake
Which turned Tom Trubo's mill.

Aye, yes! Upon a slope it stood,
Near by Roaring River,
Whose angry, swirling, plunging flood
Plashed and foamed forever.

Hard by a hundred brooklets gushed
From out Tecumseh.s side
And, purling, whirling, leaping, rushed
Away with "Roarie's"

It nestled 'mid the aspen trees,
Where rose and jessamine
And clinging moss and climbing peas
With honeysuckles twine.

'Twas built of logs from out the brakes
And chinked with sticks and lime,
Its roof composed of poles and shakes,
Its chimneys' "daubed" with slime.

'Twas very old and badly scarred
By time's remorseless tooth
When I, your humble friend and bard,
Was but a beardless youth.

'Twas understood, from old folk lore,
That neighbors Stout and Short,
Who erstwhile kept a peltry store,
First used it as a fort.

Be't true or false, 'twas snug and tight,
Its puncheon floors were strong;
Eleven cubits was its height;
Full twice as wide and long.

From year to year and sun to sun
Full sixscore girls and boys,
Imbued with gayety and fun,
Thrilled all its halls with noise.

I remember Betsy Wasson,
Paul, Tom and Mary Fry,
Jake Cook and Susana Slawson
And blue-eyed Katie Blye.

Ike and Att and Diana Cox,
Bewitching Angie Moss,
Jot Shoup and pretty Ellen Fox,
Nick Sharp and Ivy Ross.

Dan and Dave and Lizzie Chenny,
Obe Price, Belinda Strong,
Rose Dewees, Lucretia Denny
And matchless Jennie Long.

Samantha and Jemima Stearnes,
Buck Brooks and Sade Ferris,
Pete, Tim, Joe and Jerusha Burns,
Dick White and Pat Merris,

Ben, Sam, Joe and Willie Rallston,
Jim Brown and Sadie Bray,
Jack and shy Amanda Alston,
Abe Black and Hattie Gray.

Ned Harte, Will, Luke and Tilda More,
Hugh, Bruce and Sally Marks,
Iradell Boston, Celia Gore
And Frank and Polly Starks.

Jemmie O'Groat and Pat Malone,
Jeff Pease and Puss Slocumb,
Sime Fair, Sol Lowe and Lily Stone
And roguish Moll Yocum;

Phill, Cape, Sude and Mattie Bundy,
Pat Choate and Lettie Yost,
Matt Quinn and fat Horace Grundy,
Queen Lisle and Ludie Post;

Job Smith, Bob and Susie Finney,
Lum Morse and Millie Waite,
Tuck Sloan, Pop and Mabel Kinney,
Bet Jones and Birdie Tate;

Lon Payne, Sadie Moon, in linsey gown,
Steve Lake and Pony Ray,
Frank Coon, yourself and Daisy Towne,
Pet Kyle and Libby May;

Bill Bynum, Mitt Self, Mabel Church
And I and Nathan Crews
All "went to school" to Slashem Birch,
Who "shaped" our Ps and Qs.

'Tis fifty years, good Reuben Drake,
Since you and I have seen
That water-mill and dimpled lake
And schoolhouse on the green.

Aye, fifty years of toil and tears,
Of hope and fond desire,
Of mingled bliss and cares and tears
And ills and mishaps dire

Have fled, with shifting lights and shades
And changing griefs and joys,
Since those bewitching Hoozier maids
And threescore backwoods boys,

And many more from Duncan's Bray,
Opossum Flats and Poole,
Through winter bleak and smiling May,
Conned lessons in that school.

Or haply, hying from the green
Engaged, as students do,
In rowing 'neath the starry sheen,
In skiff or frail canoe.

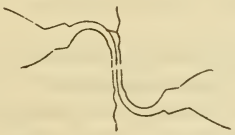
Perchance ascended mountain's side
In quest of berries ripe,
Or watched at night the streams beside
To bag unwary snipe.

Or, seeking the secluded nooks,
Ensnared the trusting lout,
Or angled in the friendly brooks
For catfish, chubs and trout.

Oh, enchanting, winsome wildwood!
How many precious hours
We spent in unheeding childhood
'Mid thy tempting bowers!

Recking never that the morrow
Would bring misfortunes sore,
And o'erburden us with sorrow,
Alas! forevermore.

But moralize howe'er we may
On boyhood, wrong or right,
Its sportive freaks oft chase away
The clouds from manhood's night.



EULOGY AND FLATTERY.

ENCOMIUMS so closely blend
With flattery, their next of kin,
'Tis hard to tell where praises end
And servile blarney does begin.

"There's a difference," say my friends,
"'Twixt blarney and encomium;"
But that "difference" always ends
In tweedledee and tweedledum.

We eulogize a woman's tact,
Her beauty and accomplishments,
Ne'er dreaming that our praise, in fact,
Is wasted on thin blandishments,

Quite oft, alas! when mortals think
They're expressing approbation,
Somehow, their chosen phrases sink
Into fawning adulation.

If praising innate loveliness,
We fall into cajolery,
Ne'er dreaming that our words express
More flattery than eulogy.

If we commend some gifted friend,
Our complimentary phrases,
In spite of us, Quite often end
In disgusting, fulsome praises.

And when we laud one's eloquence,
Matchless voice, superior sense,
Our words, designed as compliments,
Are wasted on grandiloquence.

Be my premises false or true—
My critics howl howe'er they may,
In spite of all the carping crew—
You may believe what now I say:

Let terms of praise and blarney blend—
And let those who may abuse them—
Whilst there is virtue to commend
I am very apt to use them.

And though the critics rise in arms
To annihilate my phrases,
So long as Beauty sports her charms
They shall ever sing her praises.

Should Vanity display her wiles,
Decoy me with her blandishments,
I'll pay her "taffy" for her smiles
And surfeit her with "compliments.',

Should Truth for recognition plead
I shall heartily applaud her.
Or Honor covet Praise's meed,
Most assuredly I'll laud her.

Should Modesty from danger fly
Praise's tongue will eulogize her;
Should Impudence for blarney sigh
I, forsooth, will advertise her.

"HARD TIMES."

ONE day I called at Croaker Blues
(To dun him for some dimes),
And luckily obtained these views
Relating to "Hard Times,"

"Hard times," said he in deepest woe,
"Has ever been my guest;
No matter where I stay or go
I see her horrid crest.

A ghastly imp of fiendish brood—
Spawned in some demon's fold—
Her weazen face and attitude
Are awful to behold.

She subjects men of many trades
Unto her iron rule.
Bankrupting those of humbler grades
In shop, on farm, in school.

She laughs at statesmen, scorns the sage,
Ignores the widow's pray'rs.
Witholds the crumbs from feeble age
To fatten millionaires.

I've prayed McKinley, Peffer, Mills—
And tipped them well sometimes—
To give us laws to cure the ills
Occasioned by Hardtimes.

I've voted for free silverites,
Reps, Pops, Goldites, and all,
Expecting to obtain my rights
And get some pie, withal.

I've took their nostrums, one and all—
Gold draff and fiat pill—
But, notwithstanding that, this fall
Hardtimes is master still.

I tell you, Doc., I'm in a stew;
There's nothing in my till—
My help's unpaid, my taxes, too—
Hence I can't meet your bill.''

With pity, then, I turned my scan
Full on the cringing elf
And, rising, said: ''God helps the man
Who strives to help himself.''

Proceeding on, with quickened pace,
I overtook a sage,
Upon whose brow I read a trace
Of wisdom and ripe age.

''Kind sir,'' said I, oh, tell me please
''Are there no favored climes
Where people live mid wealth and ease
And never know hard times?''

''Oh, yes,'' quoth he, as we sped on,
''Ere age my body bent
I found that blessed spot upon
The Island of Content.

There justice weighs with even scales
The cause of small and great,
And happiness fore'er prevails
In field, in mart, in state.

The money crank's befuddled howl,
And labor prophet's slime,
The statesman's lips do ne'er befoul
In that auspicious clime.

Vile communistic vagabonds
Have never cursed its soil,
So, peace prevails and thrift responds
To well-aimed strokes of toil

The people, too, forever 'pay
The fiddler as they go,'
So those who dance and those who play
Debt's burdens never know.

Her rulers wise have never lent
An ear to schemers' tricks,
Wherefore, 'hard times' and discontent
Have fled beyond the Styx.''

THE MODEL STUDENT.

THE model student's never late,
He's at his desk at half-past eight.

His lips are clean, his walk discreet,
No flies assail his booted feet.

His garb is neat, he sits erect
And treats his classmates with respect.

He's not a guy, at home nor school,
Nor rates his teacher as "a fool."

He rarely yawns, he doesn't drawl
And never shies a paper ball.

He seldom sulks, avoids all noise
And keeps his head in proper poise.

He, like another model youth,
On all occasions, tells the truth.

He shuns the dude, ignores the plod,
Respects himself and honors God.

His speech is chaste, his features bright,
He spurns the wrong, upholds the right.

To brighter boys he yields the prize,
Yet with the brightest always vies.

His well-used books are near at hand,
His slate and pencils at command.

The three "Big Rs" are his delight—
He loves to "cipher," read and write.

He's always ready to recite
And's just as smart as he's polite.

His "A, B, Cs and X, Y, Zs"
Are handled with a conscious ease.

He's eloquent, quite witty, too,
And modulates each "P and Q."

He seizes thoughts with keenest zest,
Transplanting them inside his vest.

Pure English prose affords him sport,
But syntax is his strongest fort:

He links each sentence joint to joint
And gives each clause a proper point.

His diction's good, his pose divine;
His language flows like mellow wine.

His essays all are "done up brown;"
His "figures fetch the benches down."

IF, MAY, AND BUT.

A LITTLE loan, a gift, perchance,
Timely helps to lighten labor—
If such helps are in demand—
A kindly grip, a cheering glance
May uplift your falling neighbor,
But self-help must make him stand.

A mild reproof, by love begot,
A friendly nod, an outstretched hand—
If they smash the tempter's cup—
May raise, awhile, the fallen sot
And help his wayward feet to stand,
But self-propping holds him up.

A healing salve for mangled arm,
A soothing drug for cramping spell—
If dispensed with needed speed—
May the power of pain disarm
And make the wounded member well,
But self-care averts the need.

The wishes breathed, the tears we shed
For hapless wretches without food—
If full of milk and honey—
May furnish leaven for their bread
And soothe the hungry, famished brood,
But victuals cost some money.

The pray'rs we utter, day by day,
For neighbors bound by error's chain—
If prayers equal power—
May break, forsooth, the tyrant's sway
And place them on their lost domain,
But deeds confirm their dower.

Lovers' pouts, a little sporting:
Sometimes sparring, sometimes cooing—
If indulged to catch a mate—
May please suitors while they're courting
And add keener zest to wooing,
But they mar the married state.

Little *longs* when counting measures
And little *shorts* when making change—
If pursued to compass pelf—
May increase the tradesman's treasures
(And honest patrons' wealth estrange),
But they'll damn the tricky elf.

The stones concealed in cotton bales,
The cheat in grain and rot in fruit—
If they're sold as parcels whole—
May lengthen out the granger's sales
(And furnish him a chekered suit),
But they'll curse the rascal's soul.

The gossip's winks that hint at shame
And poisoned darts that skeptics fling—
If no other woes ensue—
May sully some pure woman's name
And poison souls with mortal sting,
But they'll wound the archers, too.

IF, MAY, AND BUT.

The many facts which "May" obscures,
The ideas which "If" makes clear—
IF an If a thought defines—
And many truths which "But" immures
MAY not, perchance, to you appear,
BUT they nestle 'twixt these lines.

If critics wise my theme despise
And reduce these lines to smithers,
With other *Mays*, *Buts* and *Ifs*
I'll slap the bantlings o'er their eyes,
Flay their bodies, hams and withers
And cremate their putrid stiffs.

ACROSTIC.

O–n this bright leaf, in language brief,
L–et me this timely truth disclose:
L–ife's waning years may end in tears
I–f youth parades in Folly's clothes.
E–re, then, you wake the lurking snake
C–oncealed beneath the tempter's snare,
R–esolve to lean, with trust serene,
O–n Virtue's strength and Heaven's care.
C–leave unto grace, God's word embrace,
K–eep step with Hope, your duty do;
E–schew self-will—and Jesus will
R–emove all snares that menace you.

THANKS FOR A BOUQUET.

YOUR bright bouquet,
Which came to-day,
Seems to me "a joy forever."
Its matchless bloom
And sweet perfume
E'er remind me of the giver.

If the giving
And receiving
E'er afforded equal pleasure
To the giver
And receiver
You, I ween, have had full measure.

But yet, Miss Lou,
To you there's due
Formal thanks, as yet unrendered,
Hence they, and more
A thousand score,
To you, kind friend, are tendered.

MY frau's a gentle, quiet dame,
Though she may sometimes pout
When people give her the nickname
Of Mistress Gadabout.

She's not a child of Hercules—
She's neither tall nor stout—
And's rather "crippled in the knees,"
Is Madam Sauerkraut.

She's somewhat queer at home, I know.
Has "rheumatiz and gout."
But when her "achings" lighter grow
She's fond of "going out."

Her parlor's often up-side down
And kitchen, too, no doubt,
Whilst she is visiting down town
With Becky Overstout.

Her breakfasts may be very late
Because she's "never stout;"
And frequently my suppers wait
On Madam Sauerkraut.

She's popular with all her set
(The Misses Overstout
And Mesdames Quizz and Betteryet),
Is Madam Sauerkraut.

When she pursues the public way
(Or some secluded route,)
The people all in chorus say:
"Good morning, Gadabout!"

The last twin Pickles have a way
Of crying when she's "out,"
Which tempts e'en me sometimes to say,
"Oh, heartless Gadabout!"

Her face, I own, seems rather wry—
Looks almost sour as crout,
When home—but that's no reason why
My wife's a gadabout.

Her comings-in I don't approve,
Much less her goings-out,
But by her Bible I can prove
Her name's not Gadabout.

'Tis writ as plain as plain can be.
"Sa-man-thy Sau-er-kraut;"
And, for my life, I cannot see
How that spells Gadabout.

If *Crout* and *Pickles* mean the same
(Of which I've little doubt),
Then, I affirm, her proper name's
Samanthy Sauerkraut.

THE GOBLIN CREW OF SISKIYOU

OH, Siskiyou! grim monarch old!
When Sol dispels glum night.
What joy to watch the mists unfold
About thy dizzy height!

To note with reverential awe
The sunbeams, whilst they streak
With gold the adamantine snow
That glistens on thy peak.

To see the fleeting shadows creep
Into thy eyeless shades
Or, with the glacial currents, leap
Adown thy steep cascades.

As morning's heralds further go
Into the scars and brakes,
Behold! the loosened brooklets flow
Into thy ice-rimmed lakes.

Hark! hark! I hear the eagle scream,
And catch his mate's reply,
As he forsakes the limpid stream
And seeks his eyrie high.

As moments lengthen into hours,
Behold, upon the breeze,
The odors of sweet-smelling flowers
Are wafted through the trees.

The stately, aromatic fir
Salutes the nodding pines
And condescending oaks defer
Unto coqueting vines.

The mock-bird's flirting with the wren,
The cuckoos mate with drakes,
The night-hawk woos the turkey hen
And sage-hens pair with crakes.

Blind owls espouse the razorbills,
Charmed rooks consort with daws,
Blue jays unite with whippoorwills
And linnets wed macaws.

Wild geese and pigeons tell their loves
To fickle larks and quails
And magpies strut with ravens, doves
And flirting scissortails.

From these I turn, gray Siskiyou,
To scan the crown of snow—
Forever old, forever new—
Encircling thy cold brow.

Tall giant old, thy Indian name,
These glacial fields and rills
And steeps and lava beds proclaim
Thee monarch of the hills.

No hand of bard or painter yare
In language can express,
Or paint a sketch, which will compare
With thy cold ruggedness.

Old Sol again forsakes the steep.
The woodland minstrels rest
And shadows, from the gorges, creep
Around grim Shasta's crest.

Dejected, now, I sit and think
Of the departed throng
Until the stars begin to blink
The buttes and scars among.

Then I, dismissing charts and books,
Quick hasten to a glen
To contemplate the frenzied spooks
Of long forgotten men.

Who nightly haunt these fields of snow
And, with glittering knife
And gleaming axe and twanging bow,
Engage in mimic strife.

They scramble over lava beds
Or roam among the pines;
Anon uplift their ghostly heads
Amid the arching vines.

They madly scurry down the slopes
With lifted bow and spear,
As if pursuing antelopes,
Affrighted bears and deer.

Then, on and on, o'er valleys wide,
O'er rivers deep and clear,
Within a hut the Peak beside,
They scalp the mountaineer.

And, swift recrossing streams and plain,
Like messengers of death,
They overtake a moving train
And "freeze" the tourists' breath.

Again the goblin crew espies
Another cot below,
And straight proceed to sacrifice
The sleeping *ranchero*

From out dark manzanita shades
These gnomes again appear
And, hurrying, with vengeful blades
Dispatch some pioneer.

Perceiving, then, John Chinaman,
Late of Shooang Foo,
They "confiscate his chicomen"
And *bang* his braided queue.

Descending from the moody shelves
And summits steep and cold,
They hasten where the miner delves
In crevices, for gold.

Encircling then the peaks, which rise
Far, far above Mount Hood,
They dart into the star-gemmed skies,
Or dive neath Klamath's flood.

SOME KIND WISHES RECIPROCATED.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Lee Lodge, No. 435, A. F. & A. Masons:

Your Committee, appointed at a Stated meeting, held in Lodge Room, at Rheas' Mills, Collin County, Texas, December 22, 1888, most respectfully beg leave to report, as follows—to wit:

1. RESOLVED, That it is with unfeigned sorrow and regret that we part with our worthy Brother Secretary, DR. W. F. RUBOTTOM, who has moved, with his family, from our midst, and from fraternal associations with us, to seek a home in one of the western counties of Texas.

2. RESOLVED, That, by punctuality, faithfulness and fidelity in the discharge of the duties of secretary of the Lodge, for the past ten years, and by his ever-ready and fraternal counsel, he has endeared himself to the officers and members of the Lodge.

3. RESOLVED, That, as a slight testimonial of our appreciation and fraternal regard, the Lodge presents him with the Gold Pen and Holder with which he has kept the records of the Lodge for several years; and, that the Secretary be instructed to forward the same to Brother Rubottom, at Abilene, Texas.

4. RESOLVED, That we commend Brother Rubottom to the fraternal regard of Masons wherever his lot be cast; that these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the

Lodge, and that the secretary be instructed to forward a certified copy of the same to Brother Rubottom.

Fraternally and Respectfully submitted.

JAMES C. RHEA,
JOHN F. WILSON,
THOMAS MCNEIL, } Committee.

SEAL.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a correct transcript from the minutes of Lee Lodge, No. 435, A. F. & A. Masons, of proceedings had at Stated meeting, held in Lodge-room, at Rheas' Mill, Collin County, Texas. Feb. 16, 1889, A. L. 5,889.

JAMES C. RHEA, as Secretary.

BROTHERS: I acknowledge greetings tendered
And accept, with thanks, your token,
But "Committee's" praise of service rendered
Had far better ne'er been spoken.

If anything I've wrought, with brain or "Pen,"
Has enhanced the Temple's beauty,
'Tis well—I'm paid—so mote it be. Amen.
To me it was a pleasing duty.

If, in the course of ages, yet to come,
Some *savant* should your records scan
And find, inscribed within the musty tome,
True etchings of the Builder's plan,

'Twill be to me, indeed, a rich reward,
Richer far than golden treasure,
To realize that I, your scribe and bard,
Pleased my ''Fellows'' in small measure.

And, Brothers mine, I am rejoiced to learn—
Though nothing's done exactly true—
That you do not condemn, reject nor spurn
The work which I essayed to do.

Since we have come unto the ''parting way,''
And now are drifting wide apart,
I pray that golden dreams of yesterday
May gladden every Brother's heart.

'Tis very sweet for one to fraternize
With friends where'er he goes or stays,
But sweeter still it is to realize
The love of those of other days.

To know that whereso'er his lot be cast,
In sunny climes or regions drear,
Old friends who loved him best, in days long past,
Still have for him a smile or tear.

''Pen'' is reclining in its plush-lined case,
Encircled by ''Committee's'' scroll,
And it shall occupy this cosy place
Until Gabriel calls the roll,

And bids me join the multitude which stands
Before the amethystine throne,
Whence the ''Most Worshipful'' with open hands
Bestows rewards for labor done

For you my daily orisons ascend
To the Grand Architect above
Imploring Him, the faithful Craftsman's friend,
To keep you all in peace and love.

And, when the Temple's built, our labors o'er,
Our plans and working-tools laid by,
May the Grand Usher pass us through the door
Of the Celestial Lodge on high.

And, haply, if we gain the "Senior's" grace
And are presented at the East,
May each one find to him assigned a place
Around the board at "Junior's Feast."

[*The followiag lines are most respectfully dedicated to Miss Mollie Ethyle Elizabeth Hurt, of Baffalo Gap, Texas, by her friend,* THE AUTHOR.]

IF I were you,
Louisa Chew,
And had one-half your shekels
I'd give them all
To Doctor Hall
If he would cure my freckles.

There's sweet Sue Payne
And Lizzie Lane
And handsome Lucy Spreckles,
Who went last fall
To Doctor Hall
To have him treat their freckles.

There's Tilda Ware,
So charming, fair,
And cheeks as red as roses,
Owes all her charms
Of face and arms
To Doctors Hall and Moses.

There's Ivy Chace,
Whose peachy face
Was covered o'er with pimples
Till Doctor Hall
Arrived last fall
And painted them with dimples.

I cannot guess
Why you will dress
In styles so plain and shady
When you might shine
In robes divine
And be a queenly lady.

If I were fair
And debonair
Ne'er would I prate of duty,
I'd "cut a dash"
And make my cash
A vassal to my beauty.

I tell you, Lou,
If I were you,
And a multi millionaire,
I'd court the wiles
Of Paris styles
And make the gaping dudies stare.

My bloated purse
My pride should nurse
And fill my *plaques* with treasures,
And everything
That wealth could bring
Should cater to my pleasures.

Should Cottonrows,
Some day, propose
To lead me to the altar
I'd tell him, "No;
I'd rather go
Into old Goldman's halter."

Should Banker Fair,
The millionaire,
Propose to make me happy
I'd say, "Kind sir,
I must refer
You to my doting papa."

But, Lou, I guess
I must confess,
You bewitching little elf,
If I were you
I'd likely do
Just such things as suit myself.

I've tried your gold
By methods old
And pronounced it counterfeit,
Because its tone
Did not mine own
Precarious standards fit.

Just what I'd do
If I were you
Is becoming plain to me;
And, from your past,
You may forecast
What an angel I would be.

So now, dear Lou,
I will eschew
My former declarations,
For you and I
Need never try
To fill each other's stations.

I'd not disgrace
My comely face
By essaying *rouge* and pastes,
And would detest
The graceless guest
Who dared criticise my tastes.

Should Cottonrows,
Indeed, propose
(Because 'twould please my papa,)
I would consent,
Soon after lent,
To make him rich and happy.

WHAT THEY THINK OR SAY.

IF children could
Be always good,
At home, at school, at play,
What do you guess the people would
Most likely think or say?

If you're polite
And act upright
In everything you do,
What do you guess the angels bright
Would say or think of you?

If you should yearn
"The ropes to learn,"
And into dangers sink,
What would wise people, in their turn,
Most likely say or think?

'Tis hard to guess,
I must confess,—
So try it, you who may,
If you have language to express
What each would think or say,—

And I'll indite
This saying trite:
"Each one must swim or sink—
Each occupy his place"—in spite
Of "what they say or think."

Give ear, I pray,
To what I say:
Don't go too near the brink,
For character oft slips away
Before "they" speak or think.

The bad eschew,
The good pursue,
Avoid sin's tempting brink;
Its pits, perchance, may swallow you
Before "they say or think."

Should you and I
Forever try
To do our best, we may
Perchance outlive the truth, or lie,
That they may "think or say."

BUENA VISTA.

A MEMORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"AWAKE! Away!"
The bugles bray—
Their accents weird, uncanny—
"With trumpets' peal
And gleaming steel
To welcome Santa Ana."

The sleepers wake;
The plateaus quake,
And break Lopez' siesta,
When they leave camp
And westward tramp
O'er startled Buena Vista.

Our cannons roar,
Our eagles soar,
Our cavalry's advancing;
Our sabers flash,
Our muskets crash
And *aides de camp* are prancing.

Upon our left,
Beside a cleft,
We station Indiana
To check, perchance,
The first advance
Of boastful Santa Ana.

Upon our right.
Hard by a height,
"Old Kentucky" does deploy,
To hold the mass
That threats The Pass,
And his skirmishers employ.

O'Brien's rain
Of shot and chain
Pours death and consternation
Upon both flanks
And center ranks,
And drives them from each station.

Fierce Washington's
Death-shotted guns
Make steeps and ravines tremble
As they hurl shell
And lurid hell
Wherever foes assemble.

Now Captain Bragg
Unfurls his flag
And "Rough and Ready" answers,
"Please feed those apes
More iron grapes"—
Referring to the lancers.

"Retreat" then slips
From coward lips
And bleeding Indiana,
Our forlorn hope,
Ascends the slope
Pursued by Santa Ana.

Young Illinois
Parades her boys
And hurries on, though bleeding,
Until they reach
The gory breach
From whence our van's receding.

Kentucky brave,
Her flag a-wave,
And to the left debouching,
Quick hastes along
The clefts among
To where the foeman's crouching.

They pierce his ranks,
Chastise his flanks
With musketry and mortar;
Then with cold steel
His vitals feel
Until he sues for quarter.

Now, once again,
'Neath leaden rain
Sore, bleeding Indiana
Draws in her flanks
And, closing ranks,
"Right flanks" to yon savanna.

Though wounded sore
She stands once more,
Unterrified by trifles,
And forms a "V"
Of musketry
With Mississippi's "Rifles."

Though choked with ire
They hold their fire,
As swift the foe advances,
Nor reel nor rock
Beneath the shock
Of infantry and lances.

With bayonet
And trigger set
These brave undaunted yeomen,
Mid leaden gusts
And lancers' thrusts,
Hurl back their cruel foemen.

Arkansans mount,
Their sabers count—
Upon the plateau gory—
And ride away
With Yell and May
"To do or die for glory."

* Illini now
With furrowed brow,
Her battle-cry is dinning
As she again
Speeds o'er the plain
To make her final inning.

Kentucky, too,
With marksmen true—
Their courage still unbending—
Displays her flag
In yonder sag,
Where death with hell's contending.

* Indian name for *Illinois*.

Now screeching shell
And shotted hell
The struggling ranks are plying
And friends and foes,
In heaped-up rows,
Upon the field are dying.

The bugle sounds,
"Retreat" resounds—
The steeps its notes repeating—
And Mexicans
In shattered clans
Far o'er the plains are fleeting.

Oh, cruel day!
Oh, bloody fray!
What awful sights revealing!
May friendly night
Hide from my sight
Your scenes, so blood-congealing.

Yon dark ravine,
The vales between,
Holds fast within its keeping
A thousand men
With sightless ken
And pulseless forms, now sleeping.

Their features dark,
Their bodies stark—
Their souls perchance unshriven—
Their blood-marked eyes,
Turned to the skies,
Seem pleading unto Heaven.

'Mid shadows deep
Our bravest sleep—
Of glory never dreaming—
But o'er each grave
Shall laurels wave
Their petals bright and gleaming.

No bard nor scribe
May e'er describe
The horors of the dying,
Nor artist paint,
In colors faint,
The demons round them vieing.

McKey and Clay
May ne'er essay
To sketch the conflict gory.
Nor gallant Yell
And Hardin tell
The horrifying story.

But afterwhile
When peace shall smile,
And we adjust this quarrel,
About each name
Immortal Fame
Shall twine a wreath of laurel

ALPHABET OF MAXIMS

A-N adder's fang may leave a sore,
B-ut gossip's tongues afflict us more.

C-ruel gibes, which scoffers render,
D-o oft return to wound the sender.

E-nvy not your thrifty neighbor;
F-ortune weaves her crowns for labor.

G-raves emit a sulphurous smell,
H-ence men affirm, "the grave is hell."

I-f you would make the asp your friend
J-ump not upon his "bus'ness end."

K-eep strictest guard upon your lip,
L-est it, alas! may sometimes slip.

M-eet slander with an open eye,
N-or quail before a smoothe-faced lie.

O-utlive your foes, by acting well;
P-ure actions do clean motives tell.

Q-uaker guns may hint at dangers,
R-oaring asses frighten strangers.

S-uspend thy judgment ere it burns
T hy neighbor and thyself, by turns.

U-nsound notes make bankers weary,
V-eal on toast keeps debtors cheery.

W-hoever sails too swiftly, may
X pect his boat to sink some day.

Y-easty speech betrays the tyro;
Z-eal, alone, neer made a hero
& never will, all wise men know.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

O, why, Prohibs, why
Are you looking so glum?
"Because," they reply,
"We've been beaten by rum."

O, why, Antis, why
Are you feeling so glad?
"Because," they reply,
"We have worsted you bad."

O, why, mothers, why
Are you weeping to-day?
"Because," they all cry,
"Rum leads voters astray."

O, why, drunkards, pray,
Are you tippling to-night?
"Because," they all say,
"Your laws say it is right."

O, why, hungry tot,
Don't you fatten and grow?
"Because pa's a sot,
And your votes made him so."

O, why, convicts, tell!
Are you wearing those chains?
"Because of the hell
Which the public maintains."

THE PRINTER'S APPEAL.

DELINQUENT susbscribers,
This hint is for you:
We need every nickel
That's justly our due.

A few would-be statesmen—
We say this with tears—
Have surely forgotten
That they're in arrears.

Some other delinquents—
We won't specify—
Imagine that printers
Grow fat upon "pi."

From beginning, till now,
Each week and each day,
We have faithfully worked,
Expecting our pay.

From dawning till gloaming
Wev'e labored and grinned,
Forever subsisting
On "taffy and wind."

With every condition
Implied in our "bond"
THE WHANGDOODLE'S striven,
Each week, to respond.

We've earnestly wrestled
With "roller and stick"
Till courage, forbearance
And hope have grown sick.

We've patiently waited
From day unto day
Till patience, exhausted,
Constrains us to say:

Since our wallet is empty,
Our trousers grown thin,
Let every delinquent
"Come down with the tin."

THE WOMAN GAVE AND I DID EAT.

[*These lines are respectfully dedicated to our dear young friend, Miss Dodie Alice Corsert, poetess of Phantom Hill, Texas.*
THE AUTHOR]

JEHOVAH made the earth and sky
And hollowed out the seas,
Piled frowning mountain peaks on high
And fashioned herbs and trees.

He made the bird with soaring wing,
The fishes of the main,
And fitly finished everything
That moves upon the plain.

He spoke the heavens into birth,
Assigned the sun his place,
Transplanted stars above the earth
And hung the moon in space.

He circumscribed the zones and spheres,
Divided day and night,
Prescribed the bounds of seasons, years,
And clothed the world in light.

He set the forests wide and green
Beside the rivers fair
And, planting vales the hills between,
He made a garden there.

Then, in fulfillment of His plan.
He, from the va lley's dust,
Created something known as ''Man''
And called it ''Good'' and just.

And afterwhile, when this gammon
Bemoaned his lonely life,
God, in pity, made fair woman
And she became his wife.

He gave the twain (thereafter one)
All creatures, mild or grim,
The trees and all their fruits—save one—
And that they stole from Him.

When asked about the missing fruit
Next morning—on the street—
''The woman gave,'' replied the brute,
''And, therefore, I did eat.''

(It seems that this dissembling brute,
In his attempt to hedge,
Declined to say: ''The stolen fruit
Has set my teeth on edge.'')

And now, when caught, like Adam, we
Quite often deem it meet
To say: "The woman gave it me
And, there fore, I did eat,"

Whenever Doctor says to me,
"You've swallowed bittersweet,''
I say: "The woman gave it me
And, therefore, I did eat."

Some gouty bum of lordly line,
Who's drunk on wine, or stout,
Declares, "The woman brewed the wine.
Wherefore this horrid gout."

Diseased or well, enslaved or free,
Their diet sour or sweet,
Men say: "The woman gave it me
And, therefore, I did eat."

The millionaires, mid luxury,
The beggars, on the street,
All say: "The woman gave it me
And, therefore, I did eat."

The hero, coward, saint and knave,
The foolish and discreet
Alike declare: "The woman gave
And, therefore, I did eat."

THE BUSY SUNBEAMS.

SWIFT riding on their steeds of light,
Ere dimpled Twilight's born,
They trample down the bars of Night
And usher in young Morn.

Saluting then fair, blushing dawn,
Embracing manse and halls,
They linger on the dew-wet lawn
And climb the garden walls.

They minister at rose's birth,
Embellish spire and dome,
Beautify the heavens and earth
And burnish every home.

They streak the apple and the peach
And color pears and prunes,
Perambulate the shell-strewn beach
And stalk among sand dunes.

They nestle in the flowret's cells
And dally with the vines,
Bedeck the pinks and asphodels
And kiss the bearded pines.

They wander down the tree-girt lane
And glint among the leaves,
Commingle with the growing grain
And tinge the gathered sheaves.

Then, flashing over steepled fane
And turrets old and gray,
They stride along the fresh-mown plain
And dry the tedded hay.

Proceeding through the forest's gloom,
Sweet smiling as they go,
They deftly paint the hawthorn's bloom
With their own healthful glow.

They tint the rainbow, in the west,
With azure, green and gold,
Recline upon the mountain's breast
And scale its summits bold.

They stroll into the busy mart
And peer through dungeon doors,
Irradiate the halls of art
And polish palace floors.

They greet the plowman, at his task,
Enliven weary tramps,
Inspire the student, at his desk,
And brighten soldiers' camps.

They wander to the distant poles,
All hemispheres survey,
They rally round the fog-draped shoals
And chase the mists away.

They play amid the sedgy fens,
Dance with the laughing rills,
Explore the eyeless brakes and glens
And wanton on the hills.

With filmy threads they paint the cheeks
Of moors and brambly brakes,
They waltz upon the dimpled creeks
And loiter on the lakes.

Dispersing shadows from the hedge,
They set the world aglow
And, crossing o'er its nether edge,
Descend to depths below.

They peek into the mermaid's graves,
Beneath the billows glide,
Then slumber in old Neptune's caves
Until next morningtide.

YOU'RE WELCOME HERE TO-DAY.

OUR joyful hearts breathe forth in song—
The organ swells the lay—
And happy bells the strains prolong:
You're welcome here to-day;
Welcome, welcome, welcome!
You're welcome here to-day;
Kind friends, you're welcome here,
Thrice welcome here to-day.

You're welcome here, these walls proclaim,
You're welcome here to-day!
You're welcome here! these desks exclaim,
You're welcome here to-day;
Welcome, welcome, welcome!
You're welcome here to-day,
Kind friends, you're welcome here,
Thrice welcome here to-day.

You're welcome here! our homes exclaim,
Kind friends, accept our cheer;
Our lips respond with glad acclaim:
You're welcome here to-day!
Welcome, welcome, welcome!
You're welcome here to day!
Kind friends, you're welcome here,
Thrice welcome here to-day.

YOUTH, MANHOOD AND AGE.

IN childhood's days,
With wistful gaze,
We covet man's estate,
Nor dream that boon
Will come quite soon
Should we but patient wait.

At life's high twelve
We constant delve
To compass wealth and fame,
Forgetting they
May fade away
Quick as the rocket's flame.

Then, at life's eve,
We sit and grieve
O'er childhood's hours, misspent,
And ponder o'er
The burdens sore
'Neath which strong manhood bent.

Our mental eyes
Scarce realize
The force which draws us hence,
Nor comprehend
The hast'ning end
Of human life and sense.

Upon the face
Of age we trace
This oft-repeated tale:
First, youth ascends,
Then manhood bends
Till age sleeps in the vale.

Our journey closed,
Our limbs composed,
We'll sleep within the tomb
Until, at last,
The trumpet's blast
Proclaims the crack of doom.

WHEN WE GO HOME TO-MORROW.

THESE college walls to us so dear,
Perchance some gloom may borro w
These desks conceal a truant tear
When we go home to-morrow.

Our hungry minds may bid us stay
Some other lights to borrow,
But duty bids us haste away
To meet the world to-morrow.

Our teachers may some pride reveal
And we some laurels borrow;
Some partial friends may prouder feel
When we go home to morrow.

Our brothers' tasks may lighter seem,
Our parents feel less sorrow,
And sisters' eyes with pleasure beam
When we go home to-morrow.

Our Alma Mater's cherished name
May added luster borrow,
And we reflect its well earned fame
Upon the world to-morrow.

Then let's record this vow to-night:
Despite its toil and sorrow,
We'll try to make the world seem bright
When we go home to-morrow.

The State may, then, partake our cheer.
The Church new courage borrow,
If we but make life's problems clear
When we go home to-morrow.

OH, comrades, see yon bonny craft!
Impelled by friendly breeze,
And canvas swelling fore and aft,
Undaunted plows the seas!

Fidelity her deck commands,
Truth's on her larboard side,
Upon her starboard Prudence stands,
Strength is her masts beside

Sweet Charity is at the fore
And Honor stands abaft,
Munificence her larders store
And Wisdom rules the craft

Sobriety controls her berths,
And Fervency her keel;
Coh sion fortifies her girths
And Courage holds the wheel.

Contentment does her mess-rooms fill,
Faith manages each rope,
Her manifest is writ by Skill,
Her anchor's manned by Hope.

With Zeal and Faith at shroud and rope,
Well guarded at each side,
Her anchor wisely manned by Hope,
She bravely breasts the tide.

Her captain's wise, her watchmen, too,
Her sailors seldom trip,
So, let's aboard and help the crew
To sail this bonny ship.

TEXAS MUD.

LET poets praise old Ophir,s mines
And Afric's golden sands,
Extol the flavor of the wines
Of this and other lands;

But their bright gold and diamonds rare
And wines, though thick as blood,
In richness never can compare
With our black-waxey mud.

Oh, vaunt no more the eider down,
On which fair queens recline,
Nor praise the velvet of the lawn
Where elfin footsteps twine

For I'm convinced—from trials oft—
That nothing's quite as good.
Nor ever can be half as soft
As waxey Texas mud.

Praise not that female's constancy,
Whose mother love sublime
Condones her offspring's perfidy.
Ingratitude and crime;

For nothing graven on the brain
Or mingled with the blood,
Nor steadfast love, nor guilty stain
Can "stick" like Texas mud.

Please boast no more of Egypt's corn,
Or perfume-laden isles,
Where Ceres empties out her horn
Or Flora sweetest smiles,
For their wide, overflowing fields
Contain no tree, nor bud,
Nor plant, nor fruiting vine, which yields
A crop like Texas mud.

Don't worry over locust swarms,
The icy blizzard's splurge,
Nor pesky droughts and gravel storms
And pestilential scourge—
Which, haply, seldom overtake
Us—for the cyclone's thud
And blizzard's swish can never make
Us squirm like Texas mud.

TRUST IN GOD AND HEW AWAY.

WHEN thy prospects look the darkest
Don't believe what croakers say,
If you'd have your prospects brighten
Trust in God and hew away.

If your wallet's nearly empty—
Many bills and notes to pay—
Get up early, push your bus'ness,
Trust in God and hew away.

Should your enemies grow thicker,
Friends and relatives betray,
Keep the moisture from your powder,
Trust in God and fire away.

Should tornadoes rage and bluster,
Zigzag lightning round you play,
Be not frightened—be a hero—
Trust in God and hew away.

And should envy's poisoned arrows
Wound you, for a single day,
Gird your loins with truth and virtue,
Trust in God and hew away.

Never weary, never falter,
Ponder well what you essay,
Lift the cleaver, swing the broadaxe,
Trust in God and hew away.

Then the people, when you're passing,
Will to one another say:
"Yonder honest, bright-faced fellow
Trusts in God and hews his way."

Ever bright and ever cheery—
Meet him whensoe'er you may—
Loves his country, pays his taxes,
Trusts in God and hews away.

Neither borrows cash nor trouble,
Hence he has no debts to pay:
Lives inside his daily income,
Trusts in God and hews his way.

Does some helpless friend or stranger
Ever for assistance pray.
Lifting them, he says, 'Have courage,
Trust in God and hew your way.'

Should the widow and the orphan
At his feet their sorrows lay,
Raising them, he kindly counsels,
'Trust in God and go your way.'"

Those who would be rich and happy
Must these simple rules obey:
Shun no task, neglect no duty,
Trust in God and hew away.

Set examples for your neighbors—
Make and save whate'er you may—
Ne'er cease work, though others loiter,
Trust in God and hew away.

Then, perchance, some halting brother,
Catching Faith's inspiring ray,
May equip himself for battle,
Trust in God and hew his way.

Seek ye honor? high position?
Bravely struggle day by day
And—expecting Hope's fruition—
Trust in God and hew away.

A GOSSIPING RETROSPECT.

WHILE reviewing the incidents of a lifetime, now waning,
And comparing the manners, idioms and fashions of yore
With the fads, fancies, customs, the scientific inventions,
Refined ethics and polite literature, now at the fore,

My busy fancy recalled a period, when "neighborhood
Shucking parties, log-rollings and coon-hunts" were in
their full prime,
A quarter-section of "Hoozierbait" sold for a penny
And a jug of cider "with a stick in it" cost a half-dime,

Fat thanksgiving turkeys cost only the *penning* and *catching*
An abundance of honey was obtained by *coursing* the bees,
Red apples, melons, berries and peaches cost but the asking
And sugar and molasses were obtained by *tapping* the trees

A pound of ginseng paid for a Barlow knife and a Jewsharp,
A summer coonskin was the price of a gallon of "old rye,"
A barrel of corn was an equivalent for *half-soling* your boots,
And the profits accruing to farmers were "all in the eye."

Daily newpapers were exceedingly "few and far between,"
The fine arts and polite literature were almost unknown,
Railroads, telegraphs and bicycles were merely vagaries
And nobody dreamed of the electric light or telephone.

"Hog and hominy" meant abundance of everyday comforts,
And prodigal living was indulged in by "the trash;"
Buckskin and linseywoolsey suits decorated the gentry
And cooperstuff, et cetera, went current as cash.

Mothers and sisters manufactured their everyday dresses,
Reserving their bright calicos for holiday wear;
Our big-fisted progenitors rove barrel staves, cut hoooppoles,
And "sledded" them to market with a frecklefaced mare.

Broiled venison steaks and juicy cutlets graced every table,
And johnnycakes were plentiful as picnics in May;
And big apetizing blackberry cobblers—oh how luscious—
And what biscuits they fashioned in an old wooden tray!

Delicious gingercakes, what wonderful marvels of beauty
And sweetness, embellished dressers and pantries, you bet!
And rich pumpkin pies and tarts, crullers and buns and
light muffins—
Ye gods! what a sight for a boy—my mouth waters yet.

As awakened recollection wanders back to auld lang syne,
When doting grandmas, mothers and sisters and aunties
Found infinite pleasure in feasting the little Hoozieroons
On old-fashioned "goodies" and child-bewitching dainties

Residences and hotels were builded of logs and clapboards
And fireplaces were made of rawhides, mortar and sticks;
Apartments were *places* for cooking and eating and sleeping
And *halls* were used for storing guns and "similar tricks."

We "journeyed to the land office by way of Foot & Walker,"
And our meeting-houses were minus upholstered pews;
People often went twenty miles to shop, store and postoffice
For groceries, blacksmithing, ammunition and news.

Most of our naval conflicts occurred on rivers and bayous,
Our fleets consisting of flatboats and coasting bateaux;
And, by the way, *boating* meant sculling a dugout or poling
A raft, and *yachting* was eclipsed by feats of canoes.

Our schoolhouses were located at cross-roads or four-corners
And frizzy-headed children came from far and from near;
Master Birchie's mandates were reinforced by a hickory,
Inspiring every pupil with the wisdom of fear.

Taking life by shooting or stabbing was punished as *murder*;
He who bought goods under false pretenses was a *rogue*:
"Misappropriating revenues" was reckoned as *stealing*
And *crooked horse dealers* earned a "free ride on a log."

Corners on gunpowder and salt met with stern retribution.
Voluntary bankruptcy placed a man "on the shelf:"
Pooling and *stock jobbing* were counted as robbery
And *bucket shop* transactions were then rated as *pelf*.

Our feet paraded in stockings instead of hose and half-hose;
Mittens, like doubtful compliments, adorned jilted beaux;
Galluses and black locust thorns supported bashful trousers
And *tidy fix-ups* were "Sunday-go-to-meetng clothes."

Pin-pointed shoes never afflicted our parents with bunions;
Gauntlets and *bangs* were institutions of "noble Lo;"
True manhood was a sure passport to genteel society
And modesty and good manners made femininity "go."

Men walked erect—as they had been created by Deity—
And the swell-mobs of society hadn't been born;
Boys didn't sleep until the fires were all made in the morning
Nor servants sleep until the toot of the breakfast horn.

Ovens, skillets and fryingpans were our cooking utensils,
And *half-cooked* meals never hurt our stomach and liver;
The girls assisted their mothers in the laundry and kitchen
And *Biddies* were scarce as sunstrokes on Yukon River.

Single 'adies spent little time in "receiving and calling,"
But, like girls of to day, entertained their "best fellers"
And, eventually when tightly bound by wedlock's fetters,
Did their *touring* in bedrooms and kitchens and cellars.

Ambitious mothers didn't barter marriagable daughters
To pedigreed snobs—distasteful to imps of the street—
For European castles and long strings of doubtful titles,
Like we dispose of corn, thoroughbred cattle and wheat.

Hotels and ways'des inns were very few and far apart—
But of homely hospitality there was no dearth—
The travel-jaded steed found fodder and corn in abundance
And his master found a welcome at Mine hostie's hearth.

Our latchstring hung out as a token of welcome to pilgrims
And bills for entertainment were paid "at the hatter's;"
And the topics discussed related to Indian forays,
Prices of land, pelfry, and other kindred matters,

Ere that commission of lop-sided statesmen
Had been dreamed of or the Kelloggs, of dubious ways,
And the Pinkstons and Bradleys thwarted American voters,
And gave Samuel Tilden's seat to Rutherford Hayes.

We went to the polls to electioneer for men and measures—
And voting was considered a patriot's duty—
A man's integrity determined his fitness for office,
And trusts were bestowed without a thought of the booty.

Election boards were supposed to act as agents for voters
And make returns—untainted by intentional flaw—
To honest tribunals, empowered to act in such cases,
Who published the results in strict accordance with law.

Our Signal Service stations were managed by the Indians
And subteranean railroads had never been planned;
Junketing parties at Yellowstone Park were as uncommon
As are Fourth of July orations in Wrangle Land.

Ere Bartholdi's Liberty Shaft enlightened the Universe,
Or the Washington Monument had "come here to stay;"
Plain woodden slabs protected our brightest, noblest and bravest
And patriotism "bubbled" on Freedom's natal day.

The love of integrity and justice inspired men's actions—
Scarce making an effort to acquire riches and fame—
Each citizen labored for the weal of mankind and, dying,
Needed no monument to commemorate his name.

We never *spread* our dinners, but somebody "set the tables"
And "cleaned-up dishes," instead of *removing the cloth.*
Barbecued opossum was common as sun-grins in August
And *soup* found a substitute in "pot-liquor or broth."

Ablutions were rare, but we "washed our faces" every morning
And "combing" was as *recherche* as *dressing* the hair.
Lasses didn't *dress* for a party, but "put on their finery"
And, although they "drew the boys on," *coquetting* was rare.

Our *materia medica* consisted of "barks and sticks;"
Our ailments were "aigur, worms, fits, rheumatiz and tizzick;"
"Doctoring was done" by our mothers and the neighbor women,
For they didn't "give calomy like Doctor Physic."

Sportsmen were called "hunters from away back in old
Kaintucky"
And "shining" deer furnished sport from November
till June.
Rifle practice consisted in shooting for beef and turkey—
At "three chances for a dime"—by the light of the moon

Ere Blaine cast an anchor to windward," or wrote, "My
dear Fisher,"
Or Butler's cohorts insulted Dixie's fair lasses,
Or Barnum won the title: "Prince of American Humbugs"
Or Garfield drove canal mules through Ohio "passes."

Ere greedy avarice whetted Jay Gould's financial talents
Or anvil sparks illumined Elihu Burrett's brain
Or Johnson, Stanton and Holt murdered innocent Surratt,
Or Lincoln, by the hands of an assassin, was slain.

When Siskiyou's Peak, in its primeval grandeur, stood
alone
'Mid golden streams—unsullied by the prospector's pan—
And Yosemite Valley, 'mid scenes of weird sublimity
And deep silence, heard not the steps of civilized man.

Laundries, *restaurants* and tailor-shops had little patronage,
For our mothers "got our dinners, made and washed all
our duds."
Our sisters and female cousins were rarely *en dishabille*,
But, upon wash-days, were "up to the elbows in suds."

Bringing was "fetching," parsnips were "pasneps," onions were "ingyons."
Milking was "pailing" and carry was expressed in "tote;"
Calicos, ginghams, bombazines and poplins were "store-goods,"
Candles were "dips" and "biled custard" looked very like float.

Steam threshing and harvesting machines were yet in embryo
But sickles and flails were in the midst of their glory;
Sewing machines and motor wagons were not in the market
And sozodont was unheard of in song or story.

Patent rollers hadn.t taken the place of ancient millstones,
Nor *spectacles* usurped the functions of "eye-glasses;"
Oleomargerine didn't compete with gilt-edged butter
And leather and whiskey weren't made by *new processes*.

Before Lyon enfiladed the gamins at the Wedge-House,
Or accepted a furlough from McCulloch and Price,
Joe Smith was welding broken links in his chain of salvation
And Miller looking for heaven through holes in the ice.

Before soulless syndicates gobbled up the public domain
Or *credit mobilier* schemes of Tom Scott and Oakes Ames
Swindled good natured Uncle Sam out of millions of dollars
And buried Colfax and others 'neath mountains of shame.

A man's vows were regarded binding as sworn affirmations
And his "I O U" as sound as a bankable note;
His merits and demerits were reckoned at their full value,
His character never weighed in the scales with his coat.

Lawyers engaged in *pleadings* instead of wild declamations,
Their fees being modest, compared with those of to-day.
Preachers labored for the salvation of men (and "fried chicken")
And we attended "meeting" to gossip, sing and pray.

Campmeetings were far more plentiful than "World's Expositions"
And people "got religion" in the old-fashioned way.
A man could "wallop the life out'n a shemale b'ar and litter,
Chop, split, tote out and put up two hundrd rails a day."

The "old 'ooman" wove, knit, churned sewed and cooked whilst her fair daughters'
Wheels kept step with "My old Kentucky Home, far away."
The boys worked in the forest or cornfield from dawning till twilight.
Then "hunted possums and coons" till the crack of next day.

Gretna Green was then considered a creation of fancy
And "Injun Nation" had never gladdened a lover;
Young people, marrying at home, had a grand *charivari*,
And forever aft'r lived in "honey and clover."

Arctic exploring expeditions were very uncommon,
But "going down the river" furnished family lore.
Opera, theater and circus troupes came very rarely
And "grub" wasn't sold on credit at the country store.

A ten-penny nail and new copper cent made a boy happy,
Because they jingled like 'the dollars of the daddies.''
Our blooming sisters esteemed calico dresses as highly
As we do the superb toilets of modern ladies.

Our exports were few, our imports trifling, compared with to-day;
Our arteries of commerce were rivers and dirt roads;
Our merchantmen were the wagon, sled and rollicking flatboat.
The lading being "swapped" for groceries and dry goods.

Our outgoing shipments were pumpkins, squashes, staves and hooppoles—
Being usually summarized: "Lumber and Fruits"—
Our incoming cargoes constituted life's chiefest comforts
And consisted of salt, coffee, lead, powder and boots.

Sounds of the chopping ax and whipsaw awakened the forest
And buzzing wheels and thwacking looms were heard in the land.
Labor meant *work* and economy meant *saving* your earnings,
And labor and thrift and contentment went hand in hand.

Patent laws didn't hamper manufacturing enterprise
And trade was not fettered by tariff legislation.
Laboring men's associations were—things of the future—
And *striking* meant "hitting" a northwestern plantation.

Commercial travellers were scarce as celestial visitors,
Lightning-rod philosophers came but once in a year,
The ubiquitous book imp hadn't escaped from his swaddlings
And the wheezing graphaphone never tortured the ear.

Insurance men rarely wept over mercantile fire losses
And caleopean concerts seldom were given;
"Pierce's Pleasant Pellets" weren't advertised in the newspapers,
And loafers felt as lonesome as Pecksniffs in heaven.

Riches meant plenty at home and a *mite* for the needy,
And integrity was prized more than rubies and gold;
Funerals didn't cost the price of a ship load of cotton,
And multi-millionaires on your fingers could be told.

Hapless Lovejoy was a printer by the side of "Big Muddy,"
Harry Clay was posing as "Mill-Boy of the Slashes,"
Poe's mythical raven was croaking "Nevermore, never more!"
And Voorhees scanning lasses through infantile lashes.

Artemus Ward, the inimitable, was "raising chestnuts,"
"Hiawatha" inspiring William Longfellow's pen;
Tom Hendricks was a frizzy-headed, barefooted Buckeyean
And Hoozierdom's great occulist was a plowboy then.

Ere Lincoln split rails, in Illinois, for two bits a hundred,
Or Guiteau died on the gallows for his country's weal,
Or Douglass exchanged slavery's galling fetters for freedom,
Or Governor Wise sent Brown to "the land of the leal."

Ere Texas achieved her independence, at San Jacinto,
Or the "Lone Star" was added to our constellation
Or death drafted President Harrison and Tyler "Tylered"
The Whigs, by signing the bill for her annexation.

Ere Ampudia *ramoused* at Reseca de la Palma
Or Uncle Sam's eagles floated over Monterey,
Or "Rough and Ready" whipped Santa Ana at Buena Vista,
Or our people mourned for McKey, Yell, Hardin and Clay.

Ere our army, under Scott, captured the port of Vera Cruz
And drove the Mexicans from rock-ribbed Cero Gordo,
Demolished Cherubusco and Molino del Rey,
Scaled frowning Chepultepec and captured Mexico.

Or Brigham Young dedicated the Temple of Deseret,
Or bonanza kings dreamed of the wealth of Nevada,
Or Freemont traded army beeves for County Mariposa
Or the Pacific Slope became—"Wertern El Dorado."

Ere Phillips and Garrison raised their battle-cry of freedom
Or "Missouri Compromise" was repealed by Congress,
Or Helper promulgated his "Irrepressible conflict"
And Jim Lane started Pandemonium in Kansas.

Then Charleston's convention bursted the Democratic party
And the Republicans got control of the nation.
Dixie—affronted—appealed to the arbiter of nations.
The war, which followed, ending in emancipation.

Major Anderson surrendered grim Sumpter to Beauregard,
Douglass threw up the sponge and "On to Richmond!" begun.
Donelson and Henry capitulated to the "Yankees,"
And "Rebs" routed McDowell at Bull Run Number One.

Fair Zollikoffer was murdered by Frye, his body profaned
By brutal soldiers, his garments divided by lot;
McClellan marched from Washington to Richmond and back again
And Lee taught General Pope that his bluster was "rot."

The "Confeds" annihilated plucky Baker at Ball's Bluff,
And Elsworth captured a bullet instead of a "rag."
Dixie lost one of her most brilliant commanders at Shiloh
And "Old Rosie's" army was beguiled by Capt. Bragg.

Confiscated cotton "feathered the nests" of Curtiss and Gorman
And Dick Taylor grew fat upon Yankee bacon and beans.
"Old Swampy monkeyed with" Grant's Holly Springs *commisariat*
And Farragut bested the Rebels at New Orleans.

The Johnnies beat the army of the Potomac at Fredricksburg,
And stirred the fleas in the "Fed's" camp at Anteitam;
General Meade checkmated Lee's "On to Philadelphia"
And "Yankee Cheese-Box" worsted the Confederate "Ram."

General Hooker's army was beaten at Chancellorville,
And Grant covered the wilderness With battle's *debris;*
Sheridan desolated fruitful Shenandoah Valley
And Sherman, like a besom, swept "down to the sea,"

At last, when a million of our bravest and best had fallen,
And as many others maimed and disabled for life,
The South, o'erpowered by numbers and exhausted by fighting,
Furled her banners, discharged armies and gave up the strife.

When "grim visaged war" disbanded his batallions and
navies—
And scarred veterans returned to vocations of yore—
Industry and com merce spread their wings from ocean to
to ocean,
And Thrift and Unity reigned as never before.

Our old mothers and sisters may have been "off" in re-
finement,
Their customs and styles, perhaps, not exactly in tone
With those of the present—our fathers and brothers un-
polished—
Yet those old-time styles lose nothing, compared with
our own.

Distinctions may seem hateful, comparisons seem odious,
Yet, before dismissing my theme, permit me to say
Of those people, fast fading away: If they were unpolished,
Their "ways" were as commendable as ours are to-day,

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